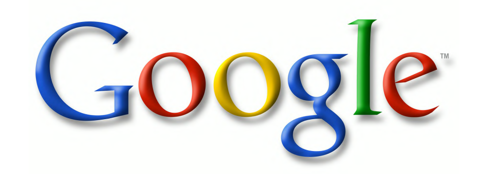
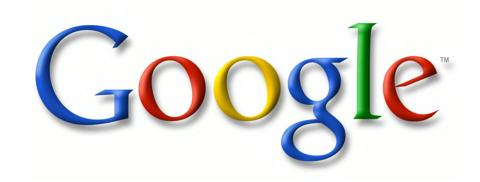
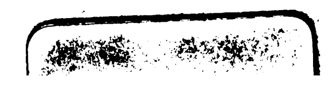









TAYLOR INSTITUTION
DOMI NUS ILLU
MINA TIO MEA



Les Bijoux Indiscrets.

OR, THE

Indiſcreet Toys.

Tranſlated from the

CONGESE LANGUAGE

Printed at MONOMOTAPA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

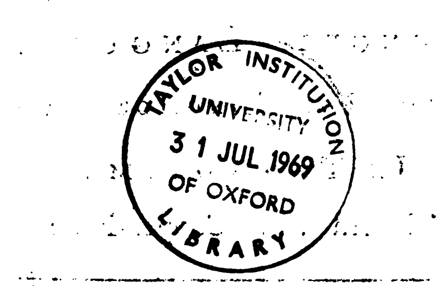
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VOL. II.

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Re-printed for *Pierrot Ragout*, with the Approbation of *M——l S——xe*, MDCCXLIX.

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The HEADS *of Chapters of the second* Volume.

THE



THE Indiſcreet Toys.

CHAP. I.

Was Mangogul *in the right?*

FROM the time that *Mangogul* had received the fatal preſent of *Cucufa*, the ridicules and vices of the ſex were become the eternal ſubject of his jokes: he was never done with them, and his favorite's patience was frequently quite tired out. Now, two cruel effects of this teizing on her,

as well as on many others, was to put her into a bad humor, and to ſour her temper. At thoſe times woe to him that came near her: ſhe made no diſtinction of perſons, and the Sultan himſelf was not ſpared.

"Prince, ſaid ſhe to him, in one "of theſe peeviſh fits, tho' you are "ſo knowing in many things, per- "haps you do not know the news of "the day." ——— What is it, ſaid *Mangogul?* ———" It is, that every "morning you get by heart three "pages of *Brantome*, or of *Ouville*: "people do not determine which of "theſe two profound writers you pre- "fer." —— They are miſtaken, madam, anſwered *Mangogul*, 'tis *Crebillon*, that —— " O, pray don't "excuſe yourſelf from that ſort of "reading, interrupted the favorite. "The new calumnies that are invent- "ed on us, are ſo inſipid, that it is

"better

" better to revive the old. Truly " there are very good things in this " ſame *Brantome:* if to theſe little " ſtories you add three or four chap- " ters of *Bayle*, you alone will in a " thrice have as much wit as the mar- " quiſs *D'*———, and the Chevalier " *de Moubi.* That would ſpread a ſur- " priſing variety on your converſa- " tion. When you have equipped " the ladies from head to foot, you " might then fall on the *Pagoda's*; " and from the *Pagoda's* you might " return on the women. In truth, " all that you want to make you quite " diverting, is a ſmall collection of " impieties."

You are in the right, madam, anſwered *Mangogul*, and I will take care to lay in a good ſtock. He who is afraid of being duped in this world and the next, cannot be too much

upon his guard against the power of the *Pagoda's*, the probity of men, and virtue of women.

" Then, in your opinion, this " virtue is a very ambiguous thing, " replied *Mirzoza* ? More so than " you imagine, answered *Mangogul*.

" Prince, returned *Mirzoza*, you " have a hundred times talk'd to me " of your ministers as the honestest " men in *Congo*. I have so often pa- " tiently heard the praises of your " Seneschal, of the governors of your " provinces, of your secretaries, of " your treasurer, in a word, of all " your officers, that I am able to " repeat them by memory word for " word. It is strange, that the ob- " ject of your tenderness should be " the only person excepted from the " good opinion, which you have con- " ceived of those who have the ho- " nor of being near your person."

And

And who told you that it is ſo, replied the Sultan? Be perſwaded, madam, that the diſcourſes, true or falſe, which I make on women, do by no means concern you, unleſs you think proper to repreſent the ſex in general.——

I ſhould not adviſe madam to that, added *Selim*, who was preſent at this converſation. She would gain nothing by it but defects.

"I do not, anſwered *Mirzoza*, "reliſh compliments which are ad-"dreſſed to me at the expence of my "ſex. When any one takes it into "his head to praiſe me, I could wiſh "that nobody ſuffered by it. Moſt "of the fine ſpeeches which are of-"fered to us, are like the ſumptu-"ous entertainments which your "highneſs receives from your *Pa-*"*cha's*: they are always at the ex-"pence of the public."

Let us paſs that by, ſaid *Mangogul.* But ſincerely, are you not convinced that the virtue of the women of *Congo* is but a mere chimæra? Pray obſerve, my ſoul's delight, what the preſent faſhionable education is, what examples mothers ſet to their daughters, and how the head of a pretty woman is filled with the notion, that to confine herſelf to domeſtic affairs, to manage her family, and keep to her huſband, is to lead a diſmal life, to be eat up with vapors, and to bury herſelf alive. And at the ſame time we men are ſo forward, and a young unexperienced girl is ſo raptured with being attack'd. I have ſaid that virtuous women were rare, exceſſively rare; and far from changing my ſentiment, I might add freely, that 'tis ſurprizing they are not more ſo. Aſk *Selim* what he thinks of the matter.

" Prince, anſwered *Mirzoza*, *Selim*
" has too great obligations to our ſex,
" to tear them in pieces without
" mercy."

Madam, ſaid *Selim*, his highneſs, who could not poſſibly meet with cruel women, ought naturally to think of the ſex as he does: and you, who have the good nature to judge of others by yourſelf, can hardly have any other ſentiments than thoſe which you defend. I will own however, that I am apt to believe there are women of ſenſe, to whom the benefits of virtue are known by experience, and whom a ſerious reflection has convinced of the ill conſequences of an irregular life; women happily born, well educated, who have learn'd to feel their duty, who love it, and will never ſwerve from it.

" And not to loſe ourſelves in ſpe-
" culative reaſoning, added the fa-

" vorite, is not *Egle*, with all her " sprightliness and charms, a model " of virtue? Prince, you cannot " doubt it, and all *Banza* knows it " from your mouth: now, if there " be one virtuous woman, there may " be a thousand."

Oh! as to the possibility, said *Mangogul*, I dispute it not.

" But if you allow it possible, re- " plied *Mirzoza*, who has revealed to " you, that they do not actually " exist?"

Nothing but their Toys, answered the Sultan. And yet I grant that this evidence does not come up to the strength of your argument. May I be transform'd into a mole, if you have not borrowed it from some *Bramin*. Order the *Manimonbanda*'s chaplain to be called, and he will tell you that you have proved the existence of virtuous women, much as he demon-

strates

ſtrates that of *Brama*, in Braminology. *A propos*, have you not taken a courſe in that ſublime ſchool, before you entered the Seraglio?

" No ill-natured jokes, replied " *Mirzoza*. I do not draw my con-" cluſion from poſſibility: I ground " it on a fact, on an experiment."

Yes, continued *Mangogul*, on a lame fact, on a ſingle experiment; while, to your certain knowledge, I have a multitude of trials for my opi-nion: but I will not ſour your temper by farther contradictions.

" It is a favor, ſaid *Mirzoza*, " that after two hours teizing, you " ceaſe to perſecute me."

If I have committed this fault, an-ſwered *Mangogul*, I will endeavour to make amends for it. Madam, I give up all my paſt advantages; and if, in the trials which I ſhall hereafter make, I light on a ſingle woman really

and conſtantly virtuous.——" What " will you do, interrupted *Mirzoza* " ſmartly ?"

I will declare to the world, if you require it, that I am charmed with your reaſoning on the poſſibility of virtuous women ; I will ſupport the reputation of your logic with all my might ; and will give you my caſtle of *Amara*, with all the *Saxon* Porcelaines which adorn it ; even without excepting the little *Sapajou*, or red-faced monkey in Enamel, and the other valuable nick-nacks, which I had out of the cabinet of *Madame de Verue*.

" Prince, ſays *Mirzoza*, I will be " content with the Porcelaines of the " caſtle, and the little monkey."

A bargain, replies the Sultan, *Selim* ſhall be our judge. I only deſire a little reſpite before I examine *Eglé*'s

Toy.

Toy. The court air, and her huſ-band's jealouſy, muſt be allowed time to operate.

Mirzoza granted a month to *Mangogul*; which was double the time he required: and they parted equally filled with hope.

The city of *Banza* alſo would have been full of wagers on either ſide, if the Sultan's promiſe had been divulged. But *Selim* kept the ſecret, and *Mangogul* clandeſtinely prepared for winning or loſing. As he was quitting the favorite's appartment, he heard her call out to him from her cloſet: "Prince, and the little monkey." And the little monkey, anſwered *Mangogul*, and went out. He was going directly to the private lodge of a ſenator, whither we will attend him.

CHAP. II.

The fifteenth trial of the Ring.

ALPHANA.

THE Sultan was not ignorant, that the young lords of the court had private lodges; but he was lately informed, that thofe retreats were likewife ufed by fome fenators. He was much furprized at this. "What "do they do there, faid he to him-"felf? (For in this volume he will "keep up the cuftom of monology, "which he contracted in the firft.) I "fhould think, that a man, whom I "have entrufted with the tranquillity, "forune, liberty, and lives of my "people, ought not to have a private "lodge. But perhaps a fenator's pri-

"vate

"vate lodge is quite different from
"that of a *Petit-Maitre.* Can a magi-
"ſtrate, before whom the intereſts of
"the greateſt of my ſubjects are diſ-
"cuſſed, who holds the fatal urn, out
"of which he is to draw the widow's
"lot, can he, I ſay, forget the dig-
"nity of his ſtate, and the importance
"of his duty; and while *Cochin* fa-
"tigues his lungs in vain by carrying
"the cries of the orphan to his ear,
"can he be ſtudying ſubjects of gal-
"lantry, which are to be ornaments
"over the door of a place of ſecret
"debauchery? That cannot be.——
"However, let us ſee."

He ſaid, and departed for *Alcanto*, where the ſenator *Hippomanes* has his private lodge. He enters, walks round the appartments, and examines the furniture. Every thing has a gay appearance. The private lodge of *Ageſilas*, the niceſt and moſt voluptuous of his cour-

tiers,

tiers, is not more elegant. He was on the point of refolving to leave it, without knowing what to think ; (for befides all the rich beds, the looking-glafs alcoves, the foft fofa's ; the cabinet of exquifite liquors, and every thing elfe, were filent witneffes of what he defired to know :) when he efpied a corpulent figure ftretched on a couch, and funk in a deep fleep. He turn'd his ring on her, and from her Toy he obtained the following anecdotes.

" *Alphana* is the daughter of a
" fenator. If her mother's life had
" been fhorter than it was, I fhould
" not have been here. The immenfe
" wealth of the family was fquandered
" by the old fool : and fhe left little
" or nothing to her four children,
" three boys and a girl, whofe Toy I
" am, alas ! to my great misfortune,
" and to be fure for my fins. How
" many,

" many indignities have I suffered!
" How many more still remain to be
" borne! The world said, that the
" cloister agreed very well with the
" fortune and figure of my mistress:
" but I found it did not suit with me:
" I preferred the military art to the
" monastic state, and I made my first
" campaigns under the Emir *Azalaph*.
" I perfected myself under the great
" *Nangazaki*. But the ingratitude of
" the service disgusted me, and made
" me quit the sword for the gown.
" Thus I am upon the point of be-
" longing to a little scoundrel of a
" senator, quite bloated with his ta-
" lents, his wit, his figure, his equi-
" page, and his birth. I am now
" two hours in waiting for him. To
" be sure he will come, because his
" gentleman has apprized me, that
" when he comes, it is his madness to
" let people wait a long time."

Al-

Alphana's Toy was thus far advanced, when *Hippomenes* arrived. At the bustle of his train, and the caresses he bestowed on his favorite greyhound, *Alphana* awoke. "Oh! are "you there, my queen, says the "little president? 'Tis very difficult "to come at you. How do you like "my little lodge; it is as good as "some others, is it not?"

Alphana putting on a bashful, shy, distressed air, as if we had never seen a private lodge before, says her Toy, and as if I had no share in her adventures, cried out in a mournful manner. "My lord president, I take an "unaccountable step for you. The "passion that drags me to you must "surely be very violent, since it shuts "my eyes to the dangers which I in- "cur. For what would the world "say, if there was any suspicion of "my being here?"

You

You are right, anſwered *Hippomanes*; your proceeding is liable to miſinterpretations. But you may rely on my diſcretion.

" But, replied *Alphana*, I rely alſo " on your conduct."

Oh! as to that, ſays *Hippomanes*, I ſhall be very modeſt: and how is it poſſible not to be as devote as an angel in a private lodge? In truth, you have a charming neck———

Ha' done, ſays *Alphana*, you break your word already.

Not at all, replies the preſident; but you have not anſwered my queſtion. What do you think of this furniture? And then turning to his grey-hound, come hither, *Folly*, give me thy paw, my child. *Folly* is a good girl. ——— Will madam be pleaſed to take a turn in the garden? Let us walk on my terraſs, it is a charming one. I am overlooked by

ſome

ſome of my neighbours, but poſſibly they will not know you. —

" My lord preſident, I am not " curious, ſays *Alphana* with an air " of dudgeon. I think we are better " here."

Juſt as you pleaſe, anſwers *Hippomanes.* If you are tired, there is a bed. If you have the leaſt inclination, I adviſe you to try it. Young *Aſteria*, and little *Phenice*, who are great judges, aſſure me that it is a good one. While *Hippomanes* was talking thus impertinently to *Alphana*, he pull'd off her gown by the ſleeves, unlaced her ſtays, untied her petticoats, and diſengaged her two clumſy feet from two little ſlippers.

When *Alphana* was almoſt naked, then did ſhe perceive that *Hippomanes* was undreſſing her. — " What " are you doing, cryed ſhe quite " ſurprized? Preſident, you don't

con-

" consider. I shall be angry in " earnest."

Ah, my queen, answered *Hippomanes*, to be angry with a man who loves you as I do, would be such an oddity as you are not capable of. May I presume to entreat you to walk to this bed?

" To this bed, replied *Alphana*. " Ah! my lord president, you abuse " my tenderness. I to go into a bed! " I, into a bed!

No, no, my queen, answered *Hippomanes*. That is not the thing, who desires you to go to it. But you must, if you please, suffer yourself to be conducted to it: for you may easily conclude from your size, that I cannot be in the humor of carrying you to it. — Nevertheless he grasped her about the waist, and making some efforts, Oh how weighty she is, says he. But, my child, if you do not

not lend a helping hand, we shall never reach it.

Aphana was sensible that he spoke truth, lent her assistance, compassed getting on her legs, advanced towards that bed, at which she had been so scared, partly on her own feet, and partly on the shoulders of *Hippomanes*, to whom she pantingly said: "Surely I must have been a "great fool to come hither. I con-"fided in your good conduct, and "your extravagance is quite unrea-"sonable."—Not at all, answered the president, not at all. You see that what I do is decent, very decent.

'Tis probable that they said many other genteel things of this sort; but as the Sultan did not think proper to spend more time in attending their conversation; those things are lost to posterity, What a pity!

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Sixteenth trial of the Ring.

The PETITS-MAITRES.

TWICE a week the favorite kept a drawing room. The preceding evening she named the women whom she would willingly see, and the Sultan gave the list of the men. The company always came richly dress'd. The conversation was either general, or particular. When the amorous history of the court fail'd of furnishing real diverting adventures, stories were invented, and necessity sometimes compell'd them to run into bad tales; which were called a continuation of the *Arabian* nights entertainments. The men had

the



the privilege of ſaying all the extravagant things that came into their heads, and the women that of knotting, while they gave ear to them. At theſe meetings, the Sultan and his favorite put themſelves on a level with their ſubjects: their preſence gave no ſort of check to whatever could amuſe; and people ſeldom found the time tedious. *Mangogul* had learned early in his life, that pleaſures are not to be found above the foot of the throne, and no man deſcended from it with better grace, or knew how to put off majeſty more *a propos.*

While he was ſurveying the private lodge of the Senator *Hippomanes*, *Mirzoza* waited for him in the roſe-colour'd ſalon, with the youthful *Zaide*, the chearful *Leocris*, the lively *Serica*, *Amina* and *Benzaira*, the wives of two Emirs, *Orphiſa* the prude, and

Vetula

Vetula the great Senefchal's lady, temporal mother of all the *Bramins.* It was not long before he appeared. He enter'd attended by count *Hannetillon* and the chevalier *Fadaes. Alciphenor* an old rake, and his difciple young *Marmolin* followed him; and two minutes after, arrived the Pacha *Grifgrif*, the Aga *Fortimbek*, and the Selictar *Velvet-Paw.* Thefe were the moft abfolute Petits-Maitres of the court. *Mangogul* call'd them together defignedly. Having heard a thoufand ftories of their gallant exploits, he refolved to be informed in fuch a manner as might banifh all future doubt. "Well, gentlemen, "fays he to them, ye whom nothing "efcapes, that paffes in the empire of "gallantry, what news from thence? "how far are the fpeaking Toys "got."

Sir,

Sir, replied *Alciphenor*, the racket they make encreases daily: and if it continues, we shall soon not be able to hear ourselves. But nothing is so diverting as the indiscretion of *Zobeida*'s Toy. It has given her husband a catalogue of her adventures. And a prodigious one, says *Marmolin*: it mentions five aga's, twenty captains, almost an entire company of janissaries, twelve *Bramins*: and they say that I am named too, but that is a mere joke. The best part of the affair is, added *Grisgrif*, that the affrighted husband ran away with his fingers in his ears.

" This is quite horrible, said *Mirzoza*." Yes, madam, interrupted *Fortimbek*, horrible, frightful, execrable. " More than all that, if " you please, replied the favorite, to " dishonor a woman upon hearsay."

Ma-

Madam, it is literally true, *Marmolin* has not added one word to the ſtory, ſays *Velvet-Paw*. It is fact, ſays *Griſgrif*. Good, ſays *Hannetillon*, there is an epigram already handed about concerning it, and an epigram is not made for nothing. But why ſhould *Marmolin* be ſafe from the prattle of the Toys? *Cynara*'s Toy has inſiſted on ſpeaking in its turn, and to blend me with people, who do not ſtake their all. But how to help that? The right thing is not, to be diſturbed at it, ſays *Velvet-Paw*. You are right, anſwered *Hannetillon*, and inſtantly fell to ſinging :

" *Mon bonheur fut ſi grand, que j'ai*
" *peine à le croire.*"

My fortune was ſo great, that I can
ſcarce believe it.

"Count, says *Mangogul* to *Hanne-*
"*tillon*, then you have been parti-
"cularly acquainted with *Cynara?*"

Sir, answered *Velvet-Paw*, who doubts it? He has walk'd with her for more moons than one? they have been song'd; and all this would have lasted to this day, if he had not at length discovered that she was not handsome, and that she had a large mouth. Allowed, replied *Hannetillon*; but that imperfection was ballanced by an uncommon agreeableness.

How long since this adventure, ask'd the prude *Orphisa?* Madam, replied *Hannetillon*, its epoch is not present to my memory. I must have recourse to the chronological tables of my good fortune. There may be seen the day and minute: but 'tis a large volume, with which my servants amuse themselves in the antichamber.

Hold,

Hold; says *Alcipbenor*, I recollect that it was precisely a year after *Grisgrif* fell out with *Madame la Seneschale*. She has the memory of an angel, and can tell you exactly. — That nothing is more false than your date, answered the Seneschal's lady gravely. 'Tis well known that blockheads were never of my taste. Yet, madam, replied *Alcipbenor*, you will never persuade us, that *Marmolin* was excessively wise, when he was conducted into your appartment by the back stairs, whenever his highness summoned the Seneschal to council. There can be no greater extravagance in my opinion, added *Velvet-Paw*, than to enter into a woman's chamber by stealth, for nothing at all; for people thought nothing more of his visits than what was really fact, and madam was already in full enjoyment of that reputation of virtue, which

ſhe has ſo well ſupported ſince that time.

But that is an age ago, ſays *Fadaes*. It was pretty much about that ſame time that *Zulica* made a ſlip from the Selictar, who was her humble ſervant, to take poſſeſſion of *Griſgriſ*, whom ſhe drop'd ſix months after; ſhe is now got as far as *Fortimbek*. I am not ſorry for my friend's little ſtroke of good luck; I ſee her, I admire her, but entirely without any pretenſions.

Yet *Zulica*, ſays the favorite, is very amiable. She has wit, taſte, and ſomething, I know not how, engaging in her countenance, which I ſhould prefer to charms. I grant that, madam, anſwer'd *Fadaes*: but ſhe is maigre, has no neck, and her thigh is ſo ſkinny, that it raiſes one's pity.

You

You are well acquainted with it, to be ſure, added the Sultana. Oh! madam, replied *Hannetillon*, you may gueſs that. I have viſited *Zulica* but ſeldom, and yet I know as much of that affair as *Fadaes*. I can eaſily believe you, ſays the favorite.

But *a propos*, might one aſk *Grij-grif*, ſays the Seliſtar, if he has been long in poſſeſſion of *Zirphila*. There is what you may call a pretty woman. She has an admirable ſhape. And who doubts it, added *Marmolin!*

How happy is the Seliſtar, continued *Fadaes*. I give you *Fadaes*, interrupted the Seliſtar, for the beſt provided gallant of the court. To my knowledge he has the Viſir's wife, the two pretticſt actreſſes of the opera, and an adorable *Griſette*, whom he keeps in his private lodge. And I, replied *Fadaes*, would give up the Viſir's wife, the two actreſſes and

 the

the *Grisette*, for one glance from a certain woman, with whom the Selictar is very well, and who has not the least suspicion that the world knows it; and then stepping up to *Leocris*, says, your blushes are ravishing.——

Hannetillon was a long time wavering, says *Marmolin*, between *Melissa* and *Fatima*, two charming women. One day he was for *Melissa* the fair, the next for *Fatima* the nut-brown. The poor man, continues *Fadaes*, was strangely embarassed; why did he not take them both? So he did, says *Alciphenor*.

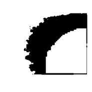
Our *Petits-Maitres* were, as you see, in a right cue not to stop here, when *Zobeida*, *Cynara*, *Zulica*, *Melissa*, *Fatima* and *Zirphila* sent in their names. This ill-timed circumstance disconcerted them for a moment; but they soon recover'd from

their

their ruffle, and fell on other women, whom their detraction had hitherto ſpared, only becauſe they had not time to tear them to pieces.

Mirzoza, quite out of patience at their diſcourſes, ſaid: "Gentlemen, "conſidering the merit and probity "in particular, which muſt needs be "allowed ye, it cannot be doubted "but that you have enjoyed all the "good fortunes of which you boaſt: "I muſt own nevertheleſs, that I "would be very glad to hear the "Toys of theſe ladies on this head; "and that I would moſt heartily "thank *Brama*, if he would deign to "render juſtice to truth by their "mouths."

That is to ſay, replies *Hannetillon*, that madam would deſire to hear the ſame things twice over: well, to oblige her, we'll repeat them.



But *Mangogul* ſet about applying his ring in order of ſeniority: he began by *Madame la Seneſchale*, whoſe Toy cough'd three times, and with a trembling and broken voice ſaid: "To the great Seneſchal I am indebt-"ed for the firſt fruits of my plea-"ſures: but I had not been his pro-"perty above ſix months, when a "young *Bramin* gave my miſtreſs "to underſtand, that a woman can "do no injury to her huſband, while "ſhe thinks on him. I reliſhed the "moral, and thence forward thought "I might with a ſafe conſcience ad-"mit a ſenator, then a privy coun-"ſellor, then a pontif, then one or "two maſters of Requeſts, then a "muſician" —— And *Marmolin?* ſays *Fadaes.* —— *Marmolin*, replies the Toy, I know him not, unleſs it be that young coxcomb, whom my lady ordered to be kick'd out of her houſe,

houſe, for ſome inſolence, the parti-
culars of which I have forgot.——

Cynara's Toy took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid: "Do you interrogate me "concerning *Alciphenor*, *Fadaes*, and "*Griſgrif*? I have indeed been pretty "well ſerved; but this is the firſt "time that I ever heard theſe folks "named. However, I ſhall get ſome "account of them from *Amalek* the "Emir, *Telenor* the Financier, or "the Viſir *Abdiram*, who know the "whole world, and are my good "friends."

Cynara's Toy is diſcreet, ſays *Hannetillon*: it mentions not *Zarafis*, *Abiram*, the old *Trebiſter*, and the young *Mahmoud*, who is not made to be forgotten; nor does it accuſe the leaſt *Bramin*, tho' it has been running thro' the monaſteries theſe twelve years.



" I have received ſome viſits in my
" life, ſays *Meliſſa*'s Toy, but not
" one from *Griſgrif* or *Fortimbek*,
" and much leſs ſtill from *Hannetillon*."

My little heart of a Toy, replied *Griſgrif*, you are miſtaken. You may diſclaim *Fortimbek* and me, but as to *Hannetillon*, he is better with you than you allow. He has told me a word or two on the ſubject, and he is a ſpark of the greateſt veracity in *Congo*, a better man than any of thoſe whom you have known, and is ſtill capable of eſtabliſhing the reputation of a Toy.

The reputation of an impoſtor can no more eſcape him than his friend *Fadaes*, ſays *Fatima*'s Toy with a Sob. What have I done to theſe monſters to diſhonour me? The ſon of the *Abyſſinian* Emperor came to *Erguebzed*'s court: I pleaſed him; he purſued me; but he would have fail'd

fail'd of fuccefs, and I fhould have continued faithful to my hufband, whom I loved, had not the traitor *Velvet-Paw* and his bafe accomplice *Fadaes* corrupted my women, and introduced the young prince into my bath.

The Toys of *Zirphila* and *Zelica*, who had the fame caufe to defend, fpoke both at the fame time, but with fuch rapidity, that it was extremely difficult to render each of them its due. ——Favors, cried one! ——— To *Velvet-Paw*, fays the other !—Something may be faid for *Zinzim*——— *Cerbelon*——*Benengel*——*Agarias*— the *French* flave *Riquili*——— the young Ethiopian *Thezacko*——— But as for the infipid *Velvet-Paw* ——— the infolent *Fadaes* ——— I fwear by *Brama* ——— I call the great *Pagoda* and the Genius *Cucupha* to witnefs ———I know them not ———'I

 never

never had the leaſt dealings with them.——

Zirphila and Zulica would have run on, God knows how far, if Mangogul had not turn'd off his ring: but as this magic ring ceaſed acting on them, their Toys cloſed their lips, and a profound ſilence ſucceeded the noiſe they made. Then the Sultan roſe up, and darting furious looks on our young blockheads, ſaid: "You have taken the liberty to defame "women whom you never had the "honour of coming near, and who "hardly know your names. Who "has made ye inſolent enough to lie "in my preſence? Tremble, wretch-"es." At theſe words he graſped his cymeter: but the ſcreams of the affrighted ladies ſtop'd his hand. "I "was going, ſays Mangogul, to give ye "the death which you have merited: "but the ladies, whom you have in-"jured,

" jured, have a right to determine
" your fate: it ſhall depend on them,
" either to cruſh ye, or to let ye live.
" Speak, ladies, what are your com-
" mands ?"

That they live, ſays *Mirzoza*, and hold their tongues, if poſſible.

" Live, replies the Sultan, theſe " ladies permit it: but if ever you " forget on what condition, I ſwear " by my father's ſoul"———

Mangogul did not complete his oath; being interrupted by one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, who inform'd him that the comedians were ready. This prince had impoſed it on himſelf as a law never to retard the public diverſions. " Let them be-" gin," ſays he, and immediately gave his hand to the favorite, whom he accompanied to her box.

CHAP. IV.

Seventeenth trial of the Ring.

The COMEDY.

HAD the taſte of good declamation been known in *Congo*, there were ſome comedians who might well be ſpared. Of thirty perſons which compoſed the band, there was but one great actor, and two tolerable actreſſes. The genius of authors was obliged to comply with the mediocrity of the greateſt number; and there was no room to hope, that a play would be performed with any tolerable ſucceſs, without taking care to model the characters on the defects of the comedians. This is what was meant in my time by the cuſtom

cuftom of the ftage. Formerly the actors were made for the pieces; but now the pieces were made for the actors. If you offer'd a new play, to be fure it underwent an examination, to know whether the fubject was engaging, the intrigue well connected, the characters fupported, and the diction pure and flowing: but if there were no parts for *Rofcius* and *Amiana*, it was refufed.

The *Kiflar Agafi*, fuperintendant of the Sultan's pleafures, had pack'd a company of players together, as he could find them; and this was the firft reprefentation of a new tragedy at the Seraglio. It was compofed by a modern author, who had gain'd fuch reputation, that tho' his piece had been but a ftring of impertinences, it would affuredly have met with a favorable reception. But he did not debafe his character. His

work

work was well written, his ſcenes conducted with art, his incidents managed with dexterity, the intereſt went on increaſing, and the paſſions in being developped. The acts, naturally link'd together, and full, conſtantly held the audience in ſuſpence with regard to the ſequel, and ſatisſied with what was paſt: and they were got to the fourth act of this maſter-piece, to a very moving ſcene, which was a preparation to another ſtill more intereſting; when *Mangogul*, in order to ſave himſelf from the ridicule of liſtening to the tender parts, pull'd out his glaſs, and acting the inattentive, ſurveyed the ſeveral boxes. In the front box he obſerved a woman in great emotion, but of an ill-timed ſort, as having no relation to the piece. His ring was inſtantly levelled at her, and in the midſt of moſt pathetic commendations, a Toy, pant-

panting for breath, was heard addressing the player in these terms: "Ah! ——— Ah! —— Pray stop, "*Orgogli*; ——— you melt me excessively——Ah!———Ah! —— "There's no bearing it."———

The audience listened, and look'd towards the place whence the voice proceeded: and the word ran thro' the pit, that it was a Toy that made the speech. Which Toy, says one, and what has it said? And without waiting for an answer, there was a general clap and cry: *Encore*, *encore*. The author, who was behind the scenes, fearing that this unlucky accident might interrupt the representation of his piece, foamed with rage, and gave the whole race of Toys to Belzebub. The noise was great and lasting; and had it not been for the respect due to the Sultan, the play would have stop'd short at this incident:

dent: but *Mangogul* made a sign for silence; the actors resumed their parts, and went thro' the play.

The Sultan, curious to know the consequences of so public a declaration, caused the Toy that made it, to be observed. Word was soon brought him, that the player was to go from the stage to *Eriphila*'s house. He prevented him, thanks to the power of his ring, and was in this lady's appartment when *Orgogli* sent in his name.

Eriphila was under arms, that is, in an amorous *deshabille*, and wantonly stretch'd on a couch. The comedian entered with a soleman, haughty, insipid air of a conqueror. With the left hand he waved a plain hat with a white feather in it, and caressed his nostrils and upper lip with the tops of the fingers of his right hand, a very theatrical gesture, which was admired

by

by *Connoiſſeurs.* His bow was cavalier, and his compliment familiar. "Oh! my queen, cried he, in "an affected tone, ſtooping to *Eri*-"*phila*, what a trim you are in! But "do you know that in that careleſs "garb you are adorable."———

The tone of this ſcoundrel ſhock'd *Mangogul.* This prince was young, and might poſſibly be ignorant of certain cuſtoms——"Then you like me, my dear, anſwered *Eriphila.*" To raviſhment, I tell you. — "That gives "me great joy. I wiſh you would "repeat that paſſage which raiſed ſuch "emotions in me a while ago. That "paſſage ——— there—— yes —— "It is that ſame———How ſeducing "a rogue he is?———But go on; "that moves me ſtrangely."

In pronouncing theſe words, *Eriphila* darted ſuch glances on her hero, as beſpoke every thing, and ſtretch'd out her

her hand to him, which the impertinent *Orgogli* kiſſed by way of acquittance. Prouder of his talent than of his conqueſt, he declaimed with emphaſis, and the lady was ſo enraptur'd, that one minute ſhe conjur'd him to continue, and the next to ſtop. *Mangogul* judging by her looks, that her Toy would willingly play its part in this rehearſal, choſe rather to gueſs at the reſt of the ſcene, than to be preſent at it. He diſappear'd, and return'd to the favorite, who expected him.

On the recital which the Sultan made her of this adventure,——— "Prince, what do you ſay, cried "ſhe? Then the women are fallen "into the loweſt degree of meanneſs! "A comedian, the ſlave of the pub- "lic! A buffoon! Well, if thoſe "folks had nothing againſt them but "their ſtate of life: but moſt of

"them

" them have neither morals nor sen-" timents; and even among them, " that *Orgogli* is but a machine. He " has never thought, and if he had not " learn'd some parts in plays, perhaps " he would never have spoken."——

Delight of my heart, replied *Mangogul*, you run into lamentations without considering the matter sufficiently. Then have you forgot *Hania*'s pack? By *Jove*, a comedian, I think, is as good as a pug-dog.

" You say right, prince, resumed " the favorite. I am a fool for interesting myself for creatures that do " not deserve it. Let *Palabria* ido-" lize her boobies! Let *Salica* have " her vapors treated by *Farfadi* in " her own way! Let *Haria* live and " dye among her dogs! Let *Eriphila* " abandon herself to all the buffoons " of *Congo!* What is all this to me? " I only risque a castle thereby. Nay,

" I

" I perceive that I must have no
" thoughts of it, and I have taken
" my resolution accordingly."

Farewell then the little monkey, says *Mangogul.*

" Farewell the little monkey, replies *Mirzoza*, and the good opinion which I had conceived of my sex: I believe I shall never resume it. Prince, you will allow me not to suffer a woman to enter these doors this fortnight at least."

But you must have some company, added the Sultan.

" I shall enjoy your company, or please myself in expecting it, replied the favorite: and if any moments remain on my hands, I shall dispose of them in favor of *Riccaric* and *Selim*, who are attached to me, and whose conversation I love. When I happen to be tired of the

"erudition of my lecturer, your "courtier will divert me with the ad- "ventures of his youth."

CHAP. V.

Conversation on literature.

THE favorite loved men of genius, without pretending to be a genius herself. On her toilette, among jewels and other female ornaments, the novels and pamphlets of the time were to be met with, and she talk'd of them wonderfully well. From a *Cavagnol* and *Biribi* she passed with ease and propriety to the discourse of an academician, or other learned man: and every body confessed, that the natural delicacy of her understanding made her discover beauties or defects in those several works,

works, which had ſomerimes eſcaped their lucubrations. *Mirzoza* aſtoniſhed them by her penetration, embarraſſed them by her queſtions; but never abuſed the advantages which her wit and beauty gave her: and people were not ſorry for being detected in the wrong by her. Towards the cloſe of an evening, which ſhe had paſſed with *Mangogul*, *Selim* came, and ſhe ſent for *Ricaric*. The *African* author has reſerved *Selim's* character for another place: but he informs us here, that *Ricaric* was a member of the academy of *Congo*; that his erudition had not hindered him from being a man of wit; that he had acquired a profound knowledge of former ages; that he had a ſcrupulous attachment to the ancient rules which he cited eternally; that he was a machine by principles; and that it was impoſſible to be a more zealous

partiſan of the firſt writers of *Congo*; but more eſpecially of one *Mirouſla*, who, about 3040 years before, had compoſed a ſublime poem in the *Caffrian* language, on the conqueſt of a great foreſt, out of which the *Caffres* expelled the monkeys, who were in poſſeſſion of it from time immemorial. *Ricaric* had tranſlated it into *Congeſe*, and publiſhed a very beautiful edition of it, illuſtrated with notes, *Scholia*, various readings, and all the embelliſhments of a Benedictine edition. Beſides, they had of him two bad tragedies writ according to all the rules, a panegyric on crocodiles, and ſome opera's.

I bring you, madam, ſays *Ricaric* with a low bow, a novel, which is aſcribed to the marchioneſs *Tamazi*; but in which we unluckily diſcover the hand of *Mulhazen*, the anſwer of our preſident *Lambadago* to the diſcourſe

of the poet *Tuxigraphus*, which we received yesterday, and the Tamerlan of this last.

This is admirable, says *Mangogul!* The press goes on incessantly; and if the husbands of *Congo* performed their duty as well as the writers, in less than ten years I might be enabled to set sixteen hundred thousand men on foot, and promise myself the conquest of *Monoémugi*. We will read the novel at leisure. Now let us see the harangue, especially that part which relates to me.

Ricaric turn'd it over, and light on this passage. "The ancestors of our
" august emperor have rendered
" themselves illustrious without doubt.
" But *Mangogul*, greater than they,
" has prepared quite different sub-
" jects of admiration for future ages.
" What do I say of admiration? Let
" us speak more accurately; of in-
" credulity.

"credulity. If our ancestors had
"cause to assert, that posterity would
"esteem as fables the wonders of
"*Kanaglou*'s reign; how much more
"reason have we to think, that our
"descendants will refuse credit to
"the prodigies of wisdom and valor, of which we are witnesses?"

My poor Mr. *Lambadago*, says the Sultan, you are but retailer of phrases. What I have reason to believe, is that your successors will one day eclipse my glory by that of my son, as you make my father's vanish before mine; and so on, as long as there will be one academician left. What think you, Mr. *Ricaric*?

Prince, all that I can say, answered *Ricaric*, is, that the passage which I have read to your highness, was extremely relished by the public.

So much the worse, replied *Mangogul*. Then the true taste of elo-

quence is loſt in *Congo?* It was not thus that the ſublime *Homilogo* praiſed the great *Aben.*

Prince, ſaid *Ricaric*, true eloquence is nothing but the art of ſpeaking in a noble, and at the ſame time agreeable and perſwaſive manner.

Add, and ſenſible, continued the Sultan, and upon this principle judge your friend *Lambadago.* With all the reſpect that I have for modern eloquence, he is but a falſe declaimer.

But, prince, anſwered *Ricaric*, without paſſing the bounds of that, which I owe your highneſs, will you permit me——

What I give you full permiſſion to do, replied *Mangogul* ſmartly, is to reſpect good ſenſe beyond my highneſs, and to tell me ſincerely, if an eloquent man can ever diſpenſe himſelf from ſhewing ſome ſigns of it.

No,

No, prince, anſwered *Ricaric*, and he was going to ſtring up a long bead-roll of authorities, and cite all the rhetoricians of *Afric*, the two *Arabia's*, and *China*, in order to prove the moſt inconteſtable thing in the world, when he was interrupted by *Selim*.

All your authors, ſaid the courtier, will never prove that *Lambadago* is not a very awkward and indecent haranguer. Pray, Mr. *Ricaric*, excuſe theſe expreſſions. I honour you in a ſingular manner; but indeed, laying aſide the prejudice of confraternity, can you avoid allowing with us, that, as the Sultan now reigning is juſt, amiable, beneficent, and a great warrior, he does not ſtand in need of the embroidery of your rhetoricians, to be as great as his anceſtors; and that a ſon, who is exalted by depreſſing his father and grandfather, would be very

ridiculouſly vain, if he were not ſenſible, that in embelliſhing him with one hand, he is disfigured by the other. In order to prove that *Mangogul* is as well-made a man as any of his predeceſſors, do you think it neceſſary to knock off the heads of the ſtatues of *Erguebzed* and *Kanaglou*?

Mr. *Ricaric*, ſays *Mirzoza*, *Selim* is in the right. Let every one enjoy what belongs to him, and let us not make the public ſuſpect, that our panegyrics are a ſort of robberies committed on the memory of our fathers: declare this from me in the next full meeting of the academy.

People are too long in poſſeſſion of this cuſtom, replied *Selim*, to expect any benefit from this advice.

I believe, Sir, that you are miſtaken, ſaid *Ricaric* to *Selim*. The academy is ſtill the ſanctuary of good taſte; and its beſt times do not afford

us

us either philoſophers or poets, whom we cannot match at this day. Our ſtage has paſſed, and may ſtill paſs for the firſt ſtage of *Africa*. Oh! what a work is the Tamerlane of *Tuxigraphus!* 'Tis the pathetic of *Euriſope*, and the loftineſs of *Azopha*. 'Tis antiquity quite pure.

I ſaw, ſaid the favorite, the firſt repreſentation of *Tamerlane*; and join with you in thinking the work well conducted, the dialogue elegant, and the propriety of characters well obſerved.

What difference, madam, interrupted *Ricaric*, between ſuch an author as *Tuxigraphus*, fatted with the peruſal of the ancients, and moſt part of our moderns.

Yet theſe moderns, ſaid *Selim*, whom you demoliſh here at your eaſe, are not ſo contemptible as you pretend. What, don't you find genius,

invention, fire, details, characters, and fine ſtrokes of wit in them? And of what importance are rules to me, provided a writer pleaſes me? Certainly it is neither the obſervations of the wiſe *Almudir* and the learned *Abaldok*, nor the art of poetry of the deep-read *Facardin*, which I have never peruſed, that makes me admire the pieces of *Aboulcazem*, *Mubardar*, *Albaboukre*, and many other *Sarracens*! Is there any other rule but the imitation of nature; and have we not as good eyes as thoſe who ſtudied her?

Nature, anſwered *Ricaric*, preſents us with different faces every inſtant. They are all true, but all are not equally beautiful. It is in theſe works, on which you ſeem not to ſet any great value, that we ſhould learn to chooſe. They are collections of their own experiments, and alſo of thoſe which

which had been made before them: Whatever ſtrength of underſtanding a perſon may have, things muſt be obſerved ſucceſſively; and one man cannot hope to ſee in the ſhort courſe of his life, all that had been diſcovered to his time. Otherwiſe we may aſſert, that any one ſcience might owe its birth, progreſs, and utmoſt perfection to one head: which is contrary to experience.

Mr. *Ricaric*, replied *Selim*, the only conſequence that I can draw from your argument is, that as the moderns are in poſſeſſion of treaſures amaſſed up to their times, they muſt be richer than the ancients; or, if this compariſon diſpleaſes you, that as they are raiſed on the ſhoulders of thoſe giants, they ought to ſee farther than them. And in fact, what is their natural philoſophy, their aſtronomy, their navigation, their mechanics,

their calculations, in comparison of ours? And why may not our eloquence and poesy have the superiority likewise?

Selim, said the Sultana, *Ricarić* will, at some proper time, give you the reasons of this difference. He will tell you why our tragedy is inferior to that of the ancients: for my part, I willingly undertake to shew you, that it is so. I will not accuse you, continued she, of not having read the ancients. Your mind is too well adorned, to be ignorant of their stage. Now, abstracting from certain notions relative to their customs, manners and religion, which shock you purely because circumstances are changed; you will allow that their subjects are noble, well-chosen, and interesting; that the action naturally develops itself; that their dialogue is simple, and very near nature; that the

the unravelling of their plot is not ſtrained; that the intereſt is not divided, nor the action overloaded with epiſodes. Tranſport yourſelf in idea to the iſle of *Alindala*; examine every thing that paſſes there; attend to all that is ſaid, from the moment that young *Ibrahim* and the crafty *Forfanti* landed thereon: approach the cave of the wretched *Poliſile*; loſe not a word of her complaints; and then tell me, if any one circumſtance draws you out of the illuſion. Name me a modern piece that can bear the ſame examination, and pretend to the ſame degree of perfection; and I grant you the victory.

By *Brama*, cried the Sultan yawning, madam has made an academical diſſertation.

I do not underſtand the rules, continued the favorite; and much leſs the learned words, in which they are

expreſſed: but I know that nothing but the *True* can pleaſe and touch. I alſo know that the perfection of a dramatic piece conſiſts in the exact imitation of an action, ſo that the ſpectator, continually deceived, imagines he is preſent at the very action. Now, pray, is there any thing like this in the tragedies which you extol to us?

Do you admire the manner in which they are conducted? It is generally ſo complicated, that it muſt be a miracle, that ſo many things ſhould happen in ſo little time. The ruin or preſervation of an empire, the marriage of a princeſs, the loſs of a prince; all this is done with the turn of a hand. Is the ſubject a conſpiracy? It is ſketch'd out in the firſt act; it is connected and ſtrengthened in the ſecond; all the meaſures are taken, the obſtacles removed, the

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conſpirators are quite ready for action in the third; immediately there ſhall be a revolt, an engagement, perhaps a pitch'd battle; and you will call this conduct, intereſt, fire, veriſimilitude: I can never excuſe it, in you eſpecially, who are not ignorant, what it ſometimes coſts to put an end to a pitiful intrigue; and how much time the ſmalleſt political affair abſorbs in taking meaſures, in previous meetings, and in deliberations.

I grant, madam, anſwered *Selim*, that our pieces are a little overcharged; but it is a neceſſary evil: without the aſſiſtance of epiſodes, the audience would be chill'd.

That is to ſay, that in order to give ſpirit to the repreſentation of a fact, it muſt be made ſuch as it neither is, nor ought to be. This is ridiculous in the higheſt degree; unleſs it be

ſtill

ſtill more abſurd to make the violins play up rigadoons and country-dances, while the audience are in deep concern for a prince, who is on the point of loſing his miſtreſs, his throne and his life.

Madam, you are in the right, ſaid *Mangogul*: the muſic ſhould be mournful on thoſe occaſions; and I go to order you ſome of that kind. *Mangogul* roſe up, went out, and the converſation was continued between *Selim*, *Ricaric*, and the favorite,

At leaſt, madam, replied *Selim*, you will not deny, that if the epiſodes draw us out of the illuſion, the dialogue leads us back into it. I ſee none who underſtand it like our tragic writers.

Then, nobody underſtands it, reſumed *Mirzoza*. The emphaſis, wit, and affected decorations, which predominate in it, are a thouſand leagues diſtant

distant from nature. In vain does the author endeavour to conceal himself, my eyes are penetrating and I discover him incessantly behind the persons of the drama. *Cinna*, *Sertorius*, *Maximus*, and *Æmilius*, are *Corneille's* speaking trumpets in almost every page. This is not the way that people converse in our ancient *Sarracen* authors. *Ricaric* will, if you desire it, translate you some scenes out of them; and then you will hear pure nature speaking by their mouths. I could willingly say to the moderns: "Gentlemen, instead of "dealing out wit to your personages "on every occasion, put them into "such circumstances as must inspire "them with some."

After what madam has declared on the management and the dialogue of our drama's; there is no great probability,

bability, says *Selim*, that she will shew indulgence to the plots.

No certainly, replied the favorite: there are a hundred bad for one good. This is not brought on properly, that is quite miraculous. Is an author encumbered with a personage, which he has drag'd from scene to scene thro' five acts, he dispatches him with a stab of a ponyard: every body falls to crying, and I burst into laughter. Besides, did mortals ever speak as we declaim? Do kings and princes walk otherwise than a well-bred man? Have they ever gesticulated like persons possessed or raging mad? Do princesses speak in a shrill squeaking tone? It is generally supposed that we have carried tragedy to a high degree of perfection; and I on the contrary think it is next to demonstration, that of all the kinds of literary works, to which the *Africans* have

ap-

applied themſelves in theſe latter ages, this is the moſt imperfect.

The favorite was advanced thus far in her ſally againſt our theatrical pieces, when *Mangogul* returned: " Madam, ſaid he, you will oblige " me in continuing. You ſee I have " a ſecret to abridge a poetical ſubject, " when I find it tedious."

I ſuppoſe, continued the favorite, a perſon juſt arrived from *Angola*, who had never heard a play mentioned; but otherwiſe does not want good ſenſe and breeding, has ſome acquaintance with the courts of princes, the intrigues of courtiers, the jealouſies of miniſters, and the double dealings of women; to whom I ſay in confidence: " My friend, there are ter-" rible commotions actually in the Se-" raglio. The prince, diſſatisfied " with his ſon, in whom he ſuſpects " a paſſion for the *Manimonbanda*, is

a man

"a man capable of taking the moſt "cruel vengeance of them both. "This adventure will, in all proba- "bility, be attended with diſmal con- "ſequences. If you chooſe it, I will "make you an eye-witneſs of all that "paſſes." He accepts my offer, and I carry him into a box ſcreen'd by a blind, from whence he ſees the ſtage, which he takes for the Sultan's palace. Do you believe, notwithſtanding the ſerious air I put on, that this perſon's illuſion can laſt a moment? Will you not rather agree with me, that the ſtiff-affected carriage of the actors, the oddity of their dreſs, the extravagance of their geſtures, the emphaſis of a ſingular language in rhyme and cadence, and a thouſand other ſhocking diſſonances, muſt make him laugh in my face before the firſt ſcene is over, and tell me either

that I make game of him, or that the prince and all his court are mad.

I own, ſaid *Selim*, that this ſuppoſition ſtrikes me: but may I not obſerve to you, that people go to the playhouſe, fully perſwaded that they are to ſee the imitation of an event, and not the event itſelf.

And ought that perſwaſion, replied *Mirzoza*, to hinder the players from repreſenting the event in the moſt natural manner?

All this means, madam, interrupted *Mangogul*, that you put yourſelf at the head of the cenſors.

And if your opinion be received, continued *Selim*, the empire is threatened with the decay of good taſte; barbariſm will revive, and we are in danger of relapſing into the ignorance of the ages of *Mamurrba* and *Orondado*.

My

My lord, pray have no ſuch apprehenſions. I hate peeviſh humors, and will not add to their number. Beſides, I have the glory of his highneſs too much at heart, to think of ever attempting to tarniſh the ſplendor of his reign. But if credit were given to us, is it not true, Mr. *Ricaric*, that literature would ſhine with greater luſtre ?

How, ſaid *Mangogul*, have you not a memorial on this ſubject to preſent to my Seneſchal ?

No, ſir, anſwered *Ricaric*; but after having thanked your highneſs in behalf of the Literati, for the new inſpector, which you have given them; I would moſt humbly remonſtrate to your Seneſchal, that the choice of learned men appointed to reviſe manuſcripts is an affair of great nicety: that this truſt is committed to perſons, who ſeem to me very much inferior

to

to their employ; and from thence results a crowd of evil effects, such as curtailing good works, cramping the best genius's, who not being at liberty to write in their own way, either write not at all, or send their productions with considerable sums to foreigners; giving a bad opinion of those topicks which are prohibited to be discussed, and a thousand other inconveniencies, which it would be too tedious to mention to your highness. I would advise him to retrench the pensions of certain literary leaches, who are always craving unmercifully; I mean glossators, antiquaries, commentators, and others of this stamp, who would be very useful, if they did their business well; but who are got into the wretched custom of passing over obscure places, and of dwelling upon passages that admit of no difficulty. I would have him be very

at-

attentive to suppress almost all posthumous works; and not to suffer the memory of a great author to be tarnished by the covetousness of a bookseller, who collects and publishes, a long time after a man's death, such works as he had condemned to oblivion in his lifetime. And I, continued the favorite, would point out to him a small number of men of distinguished merit, such as Mr. *Ricaric*, on whom he may bestow your benefactions. Is it not somewhat surprising, that the poor man has no provision made for him, while the precious chiromancer of the *Manimonbanda* receives a thousand sequins a year from your treasury.

Well, madam, answered *Mangogul*, I assign Mr. *Ricaric* the like sum on my coffers, in consideration of the wonderful things you tell me of him.

Mr.

Mr. *Ricaric*, ſaid the favorite, I alſo muſt do ſomething for you: in your favor I ſacrifice the ſmall reſentment of my ſelf-love; and in conſideration of the recompence which *Mangogul* has granted to your merit, I forget the injury he has done me.

Pray, madam, may I aſk you what that injury is, replied *Mangogul*?

You may, Sir, and I will tell you. You yourſelf make us embark in a converſation on the *Belles-Lettres*: you begin by a piece of modern eloquence, which is not extraordinary; and when, to oblige you, we prepare to purſue the diſagreeable argument which you have ſtarted, you are ſeized with uneaſineſs and yawning, you teize yourſelf in your ſeat, you change your poſture a hundred times, without finding one eaſy one: tired in fine of keeping your counte-

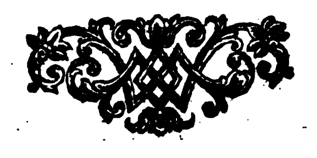
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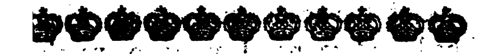
nance, tho' a ſad one, you come to a ſudden reſolution, you get up and diſappear: and then, whither do you go? Perhaps to give ear to a Toy!

I own the fact, madam, but I ſee nothing in it that ſhould give offence. If a man happens to be diſguſted at fine things, and amuſe himſelf with hearing bad, ſo much the worſe for him. This unjuſt preference takes nothing from the merit of what he has quitted: he only declares himſelf a bad judge. To this I could add, madam, that while you were labouring hard at *Selim*'s converſion, I was working with no better ſucceſs to procure you a caſtle. In fine, if I muſt be culpable, ſince you have pronounc'd me ſo, I can aſſure you that you have had your revenge at the very time.

Pray, how that, ſaid the favorite? Thus it is, anſwered the Sultan. In order

order to refresh myself from the fatigue of the academical sitting which I had undergone, I went to examine some Toys.———Well, prince——Well, I never heard such insipid creatures as the two which I light upon.———This gives me the highest joy, replied the favorite.——They both fell to talking an unintelligible language. I have perfectly well retained every thing they said; but let me die, if I understand a word of it.





CHAP. VI.

ighteenth and nineteenth trials of the Ring.

The flatted Spheroïd, *and* Girgiro *the entangled: catch who can.*

THAT is singular, continued the favorite. Till this moment always imagined, that the chief ult found with Toys, was their eaking too plainly. Oh! madam, plied *Mangogul*, these two are not of at tribe; understand them who can. You know that little crumpling of woman, whose head is sunk into r shoulders, whose arms are hardly be seen, and whose legs are so ort, and her belly so lank, that one ight mistake her for a hedge-hog, a clumsy ill-develop'd embryo, who

who bears the nick-name of the *flatted Spheroïd*; who has filled her head with a notion that *Brama* called her to the study of geometry; because he has given her the figure of a bowl; and who consequently might have chosen the profession of artillery: for considering her make, she must have issued out of nature's bosom, as a bullet out of the mouth of a cannon.

Willing to receive informations from her Toy, I examined it. But the vorticose creature spoke in terms of such sublime geometry, that I did not understand one word, nor perhaps did it understand its own language. It was nothing but right lines, concave surfaces, given quantities, longitude, latitude, profundity, solids, living forces, dead forces, cone, cylinder, conic sections, curves, elastic curves, curve re-entring into itself, with its point conjugated——

I pray your highneſs to excuſe me from the reſt, cried the favorite mournfully. You have a cruel memory, enough to put one to death. It has raiſed a ſwimming in my head, which I dare ſay I ſhall not get rid of theſe eight days. But was the other ſo diverting?

You ſhall be the judge, replied *Mangogul*. By *Brama*'s great toe, I have performed a prodigy. I have retain'd its motly gibberiſh word for word, tho' it be ſo thoroughly void of ſenſe and perſpicuity, that if you give me a ſubtile and critical explanation of it, madam, you will make me an acceptable preſent.

How have you ſaid, prince, cried *Mirzoza*? Let me die, if you have not ſtolen that phraſe from ſomebody.

I can't tell how it has happened, replied *Mangogul*: for theſe two Toys are the only perſons to whom I have

given

given audience this day. The laſt, on whom I turned my ring, after a moment's ſilence, ſaid, as if addreſſing an audience,

" Gentlemen,

" I ſhall take the liberty to avoid " ſeeking, to the contempt of my own " reaſon, a model of thinking and " expreſſing myſelf. But yet if I " advance any thing new, it ſhall not " be affectation, but the ſubject ſhall " have furniſhed me with it: if I re- " peat what has been already ſaid, it " will be my own thought, as well as " it has been that of others. Let " not irony come to turn this pre- " amble into ridicule, and accuſe me " of either not having read, or of " having read to no purpoſe. A Toy " like me is not made for reading, or " profiting by its reading, or foreſee- " ing an objection, or anſwering it.

 " I

"I shall not debar myself of re-
"flections and ornaments propor-
"tioned to my subject; the rather
"because in this regard it is extremely
"modest, and will not admit of any
"great quantity or brilliancy. But
"I will avoid sinking into those little
"minute details, which fall to the
"share of the barren orator. It would
"be cause of great grief to me to be
"suspected of this defect.

"After having informed ye, gentle-
"men, of what you are to expect
"from my discoveries and elocution,
"some few strokes of the pencil will
"be sufficient to sketch you out my
"character.

"You know, gentlemen, as well
"as I, that there are two sorts of
"Toys; proud Toys and modest
"Toys. The former are haughty,
"and always expect the place of ho-
"nour. The latter affect to be cour-
"teous,

" teous, and present themselves with
" an air of submission. These two
" intentions appear manifestly in the
" execution of their projects, and
" determine both sorts to act accord-
" ing to the genius that guides them.

" I imagined, thro' attachment to
" the prejudices of my first educa-
" tion, that I should open to myself a sa-
" fer, easier, and more agreeable career,
" if I preferr'd the part of humility to
" that of pride; and I offered myself
" with infantile bashfulness and win-
" ning supplications to all, whom I had
" the good fortune to meet.

" But oh! how unhappy are the
" times. After ten times more *buts*
" and *ifs* and *ands* than were sufficient
" to make the most unemployed Toy
" lose all patience, my services were
" accepted. Alas! this job was of
" short duration. My first possessor
" giving himself up to the flattering

" glory of a new conqueſt, diſcarded
" me, and I found myſelf all at once
" out of employment.

" My treaſure was gone, and I did
" not flatter myſelf that fortune
" would make me amends for it. In
" effect the vacant place was occu-
" pied, but not filled by a Sexage-
" narian, to whom good will was leſs
" wanting than the means.

" He laboured with all his might
" to make me forget my paſt ſtate.
" He had for me all that behavior,
" which is eſteemed polite and en-
" gaging in the career that I purſued:
" but his efforts did not conquer my
" regret.

" If induſtry, which is ſaid never
" to fall ſhort, made him find in the
" treaſures of the natural faculty ſome
" abatement to my grief; this com-
" penſation to me appeared inſuffi-
" cient, in ſpite of my imagination,
which

"which was daily on the rack to find "new resemblances, and even to suppose imaginary ones, but to no "purpose.

"Such is the advantage of primacy, that it seizes the idea, and "forms a barrier against every thing "that would afterwards present itself "under other forms: and such is, "shall I say it, to our shame, the ungrateful nature of Toys, that they "never take the good-will for the "deed.

"This remark seems to me so natural, that, without being indebted "to any body for it, I cannot think "that I am the only one who has "made it. But if any person before "me has been struck with it; at "least, gentlemen, I am the first "who undertake, by demonstrating "it, to set its full value in a proper "light.

"I am far from laying the least "blame to the charge of those who "have raised their voice hitherto, for "having let this stroke escape them; "my self-love being abundantly sa-"tisfied, to be able, after so great a "number of orators, to present my "observation as something new."—

Ah! prince, cried *Mirzoza* smartly, I fancy I hear the chiromancer of the *Manimonbanda*. Apply to him, and you will have the subtile and critical explanation, of which you would in vain expect the agreeable present from any other person.

The *African* author says, that *Mangogul* smiled, and continued. But I do not intend, says he, to relate the rest of his discourse. If this beginning has not given as much amusement as the first pages of *La Fée Taupe*, the sequel would be more tire-

tiresome than the last pages of the *Fée Moustache.*

CHAP. VII.

Mirzoza's *dream.*

BY the time that *Mangogul* had finished the academical discourse of *Girgiro* the entangled, night came on, and the company went to bed.

That night the favorite might well flatter herself with sleeping soundly: but the evening's conversation ran in her head while asleep: and its ideas mixing with others, produced an odd dream, which she did not fail relating to the Sultan, in these words.

I was in my first sleep, when I imagined that I was transported into an immense gallery quite full of books. I shall say nothing of their contents:

they were to me at that time, what they are to many others, who are not aſleep. I did not ſo much as look at one title-page : a more ſtriking ſight attracted my whole attention.

From ſpace to ſpace between the preſſes, that contain'd the books, there were pedeſtals, on which were placed moſt beautiful buſto's of marble and *Bronze*. The injury of time had ſpared them ; and, ſome little defects excepted, they were entire and perfect. That nobleneſs and elegance which characterized the works of the ancients, were ſtamped on them. Moſt of them had long beards, large foreheads like yours, and engaging countenances.

I was anxious to learn their names, and know their merit, when a woman came thro' the caſement of a window, and accoſted me. Her ſhape was genteel, her gait majeſtic, and her car-

carriage noble, ſweetneſs and lofti-
neſs were blended in her looks, and
her voice had ſome inexpreſſible charm
that delighted. A helmet, a coat of
mail, and a flowing petticoat, made
up all her attire. "I know your
"anxiety, ſaid ſhe to me, and am
"going to ſatisfy your curioſity: the
"men whoſe buſto's have ſtruck you,
"were my favorites. They con-
"ſecrated their ſtudies to the per-
"fection of the elegant arts, whereof
"the invention is due to me. They
"lived in the moſt polite countries of
"the world, and their writings,
"which were the delight of their co-
"temporaries, are the admiration of
"the preſent age. Draw near, and
"you will ſee carved on the ſe-
"veral pedeſtals in *Baſſo relievo*,
"ſome remarkable ſubjects, which
"will at leaſt point out to you the
"character of their writings.

The

The first busto which I examined, was that of a majestic old man, who seem'd to have been blind. In all probability he had sung of battles: for such were the subjects on the sides of his pedestal. The front was all taken up with a single figure, which was that of a young hero. His hand grasped the handle of his cymeter, and a woman's arm appear'd holding him back by the hair of the head, who seem'd to moderate his wrath.

Opposite to this bust was placed that of a young man: he was the picture of modesty. His looks were turned on the old man with uncommon attention. He had also sung of wars and combats: but these were not the only subjects that employed him: for of the *Basso relievo's* which surrounded him, the principal one represented on one side husbandmen stooping

ſtooping on their ploughs, and tilling the ground; on the other, ſhepherds ſtretched on the graſs, and playing on their flutes amidſt their herds and dogs.

The buſto placed below the old man on the ſame ſide, had a wild look. His eye ſeem'd to purſue ſome object that was flying from him: and under him were repreſented a lyre careleſly thrown aſide, ſcattered laurels, broken chariots, and fiery horſes running away in a vaſt plain.

Fronting this I ſaw a buſto, which made ſo deep an impreſſion on me, that I fancy I ſee him ſtill. He had a fine air, an aquiline pointed noſe, a ſteady look, and an arch ſmile. The *Baſſo relievo's*, which adorned his pedeſtal, were ſo full of matter, that it would be an endleſs taſk to undertake the deſcription of them.

After examining ſome others, I began to aſk ſome queſtions of my guide.

" Who is that, ſaid I, who bears " truth on his lips, and probity on " his countenance." He was, replied ſhe, the friend and victim to both. He ſpent his life in improving his fellow citizens in knowledge and virtue, and theſe ingrateful citizens put him to death.

" And this buſto placed below him?" Which? That which appears ſupported by the graces carved on the ſides of his pedeſtal? " The " ſame."—He is the diſciple and inheriter of the ſenſe and principles of the unfortunate virtuous man above-mentioned.

" And this luſty jolly fellow, " crowned with vine branches and " myrtle, who is he?"——A lovely philoſopher, who made it his ſole bu-

bufineſs to ſing and taſte pleaſure. He died in the arms of voluptuouſneſs.

"And this other blind man?"—He is, ſaid ſhe——But I waited not for her anſwer. I imagined I was got among my acquaintance, and hurried to a buſto placed oppoſite to him. This was poſed on a trophy of different attributes of arts and ſciences: *Cupids* ſported among them on one of the ſides of the pedeſtal: on another was a groop of the Genii of politics, hiſtory, and philoſophy. On the third, on one hand appear'd two armies drawn up in battle-array; aſtoniſhment and horror dwelt on every countenance, blended with marks of admiration and pity. Theſe paſſions were probably excited by an object, which was there expreſs'd. It was a young man expiring, and by his ſide an aged warrior, who pointed

his

his ſword to his own breaſt. Theſe figures were exquiſitely beautiful, and nothing could be more artfully touch'd than the deſpair of the one, and the mortal languor ſpread thoughout the limbs of the other. I drew nearer, and under it I read this inſcription in gold letters: *Alas! this was his ſon.*

On the other hand was carved a furious Sultan, plunging a ponyard into the breaſt of a young perſon, in ſight of a multitude of people. Some turn'd their heads aſide, others melted in tears: and round this relievo were theſe words engraved: *Is it you, Nereſtan?*

As I was paſſing to other buſto's, a ſudden noiſe made me look back. It was made by a band of men cloath'd in long black gowns. Some carried cenſers, which exhaled a groſs vapor; others had garlands of flowers in their hands,

hands, gather'd without choice, and dispofed without tafte. They march'd up to the bufto's, and offered incenfe to them, finging hymns in two unknown languages. The fmoak of their incenfe ftuck to the bufto's, and the crowns of flowers put on them made a moft ridiculous fight. But the antiques foon refumed their beauty, and I faw the crowns wither and fall fhriveled on the ground. There arofe a quarrel among this fet of barbarians, becaufe fome of them had not bent the knee low enough in the opinion of others; and they were on the point of coming to blows, when my guide difperfed them with one look, and re-eftablifhed tranquillity in her habitation. "

Scarcely were they eclipfed, when I faw a long train of pigmies entring by an oppofite door. Thefe little men were not two cubits high, but in

in recompenſe they had very ſharp teeth and very long nails. They divided into ſeveral bands, and fell on the buſto's. Some endeavour'd to ſcratch the baſſo relievo's, and the floor was ſtrewed with the broken pieces of their nails. Others, with greater inſolence, mounted on one another's ſhoulders, to the highth of the heads, and gave them raps with their fiſts. But what diverted me much, was that theſe raps, inſtead of reaching the noſe of the buſt, rebounded on that of the pigmy; in conſequence of which, upon a cloſe inſpection, I found moſt of them to be flat-noſed.

"You ſee, ſays my guide, the "impudence and chaſtiſements of "theſe myrmidons. This war has "laſted a long while, and always to "their diſadvantage. I uſe them "with leſs ſeverity than the black

" gowns. The incenſe of the latter
" might poſſibly disfigure the buſto's;
" but the efforts of the former ge-
" nerally end in augmenting their
" beauty. But as you have not above
" an hour or two to remain here,
" I adviſe you to paſs to other ob-
" jects."

A great curtain opened that inſtant, and I ſaw a work ſhop occupied by a different ſort of pigmies. Theſe had neither teeth nor nails; but in return they were armed with razors and ſciſſers. In their hands they held heads, which ſeemed animated; and they were very buſy with theſe heads, in cutting off the hair of one, pulling off the noſe and ears of another; putting out the right eye of this, the left of that, and in diſſecting almoſt all of them. After this fine operation, they viewed them attentively, and ſmiled, as if they thought

them the prettieſt heads in the world. In vain did the heads ſend forth loud cries, they ſcarcely deign'd to make them any anſwer. I heard one begging back its noſe, and remonſtrating that it could not poſſibly appear in public without that piece. "My "friend, head, replied the pigmy, "you are a fool. That noſe, which "you regret, disfigured you. It "was long, long—You never would "have made your fortune with it. "But ſince it has been curtail'd and "pared, you are charming, and "you will have many a ſpark after "you."

While the fate of thoſe heads moved my compaſſion, at a diſtance I ſaw other more charitable pigmies, who were crawling on the ground with ſpectacles on. They were picking up noſes and ears, and fiting them to ſome old heads, from which time

had

had difengaged them. There were fome of them, but thofe were few in number, who fucceeded: the reft fixed the nofe where the ear fhould be, and the ear where the nofe: and this rendered the heads more disfigured than before.

Being very defirous to know what all thofe things meant, I afk'd my guide: and fhe had juft open'd her lips, in order to give me an anfwer, when I awoke in a fright.

That was cruel, fays *Mangogul*: this female would have revealed a number of myfteries to you. But in her ftead, I am of opinion that we ought to addrefs ourfelves to my juggler *Bloculocus*. Who, replied the favorite? That filly fellow, to whom you have granted the fole privilege of fhewing the magic lanthorn in your court. The fame, anfwered the Sultan. He will interpret your dream, or

or no body can. Let *Bloculocus* be called, ſays *Mangogul.*

CHAP. VIII.

Twenty-firſt and twenty-ſecond Trials of the Ring.

FRICAMONA *and* CALLIPIGA.

THE *African* author does not inform us what became of *Mangogul*, while he waited for *Bloculocus.* 'Tis very probable that he went out, catechized ſome Toys; and that ſatisfied with the intelligence he received from them, he return'd to the favorite, ſending forth ſhouts of joy, which begin this chapter. "Victory, victo-"ry! cried he. You triumph, ma-"dam; the caſtle, the porcelains, "and the little *Sapajou* are yours."

'Tis

'Tis *Egle*, without doubt, replied the favorite? "No, madam, no, 'tis "not *Egle*, interrupted the Sultan, "but another female." Prince, says the favorite, envy me no longer the comfort of knowing this Phœnix. ——"Well, 'tis: who would have "thought it?" It is? says the favorite ————"*Fricamona*, replies *Mango-* "*gul*."————*Fricamona!* says *Mirzoza*: I see no impossibility in that. This woman has spent the greatest part of her youth in a convent; and since she left it, she has led the most edifying and most retired life imaginable. No man has set his foot within her doors, and she has, in some measure, made herself the abbess of a troop of young devotees, whom she trains up to a state of perfection, and of whom her house does not grow thin. There was nothing there to

anſwer your purpoſe, added the favorite, ſmiling and nodding her head.

Madam, you are in the right, ſays *Mangogul.* I have interrogated her Toy, but no anſwer. I doubled the virtue of my ring, by rubbing it once and again. Nothing came of it. "To be ſure, ſaid I to myſelf, this "Toy muſt be deaf;" and I was preparing to leave *Fricamona* on the couch where I found her, when ſhe began to ſpeak, by the mouth I mean.

"Dear *Acaris*, cried ſhe, how "happy am I in thoſe moments, "which I ſnatch from every thing "that employs me, to deliver myſelf "up to thee. After thoſe which I "paſs in thy arms, theſe are the "ſweeteſt of my life.——Nothing "diſturbs me; around me all is "ſilence: my curtains not quite "cloſed, let in but juſt as much day as is "ne-

" necessary for moving me to tender-
" ness, and gazing on thee. I com-
" mand my imagination: it calls thee
" forth, and immediately I see thee.
" Dear *Acaris*, how beautiful thou
" appear'st to me!——Yes, those
" are thy eyes, thy smile, thy mouth.
" Hide not that growing bosom from
" me——Let me kiss it——I
" have not sufficiently gazed on it.—
" Let me kiss it again. Ah! let me
" die on it——What fury seizes me?
" ——*Acaris*, dear *Acaris*, where art
" thou?——Come then, dear *Acaris*.
" Ah! dear and tender friend, I swear
" to thee, that unknown sentiments
" have taken possession of my soul.
" It is filled with them, it is astonished
" at them, it is not able to contain
" them.——Flow, delightful tears;
" flow, and ease the ardor which de-
" vours me.——No, dear *Acaris*,
" no; that *Alizali*, whom thou pre-

"fer'ſt to me, will not love thee as
"I do——But I hear a noiſe—Ah!
"'tis *Acaris* without doubt——Come,
"dear female friend, come"———

Fricamona was not deceived, continued *Mangogul*; for it was *Acaris* herſelf. I left them to entertain each other; and firmly perſwaded that *Fricamona*'s Toy would perſevere in its diſcretion, I hurried to let you know that I have loſt my wager. "But, replied the Sultana, I am "quite in the dark with regard to "this *Fricamona*. Either ſhe muſt "be mad, or ſhe is cruelly afflicted "with vapors. No, prince, no, I "have more conſcience than you may "imagine. I have nothing to object "to this experiment: but yet I perceive ſomewhat in it, that hinders "me from reaping any advantage by "it: and I am reſolved to reap none.

"If

" If ever I accept your caſtle and por-
" celaines, it muſt be upon a better
" title."

Madam, anſwered *Mangogul*, I do not comprehend you. You are inconceivably difficult. Sure you have not well examined the little *Sapajou*.

" Prince, I have thoroughly view-
" ed it, replied *Mirzoza*. I know it
" is a charming thing. But I ſuſpect
" that this *Fricamona* is not the perſon
" I ſeek. If you deſire that I ſhould
" enjoy it one day or other, apply
" elſewhere."

Faith, madam, ſays *Mangogul*, after mature conſideration, I ſee none but *Mirolo*'s miſtreſs that can make you win the wager.

" Ah! prince, you dream, an-
" ſwered the favorite. I am not ac-
" quainted with your *Mirolo*; but
" whoſoever he be, ſince he has a

" miſtreſs, he does not keep her for
" nothing.

Very true, ſays *Mangogul*; and yet I would lay another wager, that *Callipiga*'s Toy knows nothing at all.

Pray be conſiſtent with yourſelf, continued the favorite. Of two things one muſt happen, either that *Callipiga*'s Toy——But I was embarking in a ridiculous argument—— Prince, do whatever you think proper: conſult *Callipiga*'s Toy; if it keep ſilence, ſo much the worſe for *Mirolo*, and the better for me.

Mangogul departed, and found himſelf in an inſtant cloſe to the jonquil Sopha, embroidered with ſilver, on which *Callipiga* was repoſing. Scarcely had he turned his ring on her, but he heard an obſcure voice, which mutter'd out the following diſcourſe.
" What do you aſk me? I do not
" comprehend your queſtions. I am
" not

" not as much as thought of: and
" yet I fancy I am as good as another.
" *Mirolo*, it is true, often passes by
" my door, but * * * * *
" * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

" *There is a considerable deficiency in
" this place. The Republic of Letters
" would certainly have great obliga-
" tions to the person, who would restore
" the discourse of* Callipiga's *Toy, of
" which we have only the two last lines
" remaining. We invite the learned to
" study them, and consider whether
" this deficiency be not a voluntary
" omission of the author, dissatisfied
" with what he had said, and who yet
" found nothing better to say* * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

" It is said that my rival has altars
" beyond the Alps. Alas! were it

"not for *Mirolo*, the whole univerſe
"would erect ſome to me."

Mangogul returned immediately to the ſeraglio, and repeated to the favorite the complaint of *Callipiga*'s Toy, word for word: for he had a wonderful memory. "Every circumſtance of this ſtory, madam, ſaid he, concurs to make you win: "I give up the whole wager; and "you will thank *Callipiga* when you "ſhall think proper."

Sir, anſwered *Mirzoza* ſeriouſly, 'tis to the moſt confirmed virtue that I am reſolved to be obliged for the wager, and not———

But, madam, replied the Sultan, I know of none better confirmed than that which has ſeen the enemy ſo near.

And for my part, prince, replied the favorite, I underſtand my own meaning well: and here come *Selim*

and *Bloculocus*, who ſhall be our judges.

Selim and *Bloculocus* entered: *Mangogul* ſtated the caſe to them, and they both gave judgment in *Mirzoza*'s favor.

CHAP. IX.

Dreams.

MY lord, ſaid the favorite to *Bloculocus*, you muſt render me another piece of ſervice. Laſt night a crowd of extravagant fancies diſturbed my head. It was a dream of a very odd kind: and I have been aſſured that you are the moſt able perſon of *Congo* in decyphering dreams. Then give me quickly the interpreta-

tion of this; and withal ſhe related her own.

Madam, anſwered *Blockulocus*, I am but a middling Oneirocritic——Pray ſpare theſe terms of art, cried the favorite: drop your learning, and talk reaſon to me.

Madam, you ſhall be obeyed. I have ſome ſingular notions relating to dreams: and to this alone perhaps I am indebted for the honour of converſing with you, and for the epithet of Saturnine. I will explain them to you with all the perſpicuity I am capable of.

You are not ignorant, madam, continued he, of what the bulk of philoſophers, with the reſt of mankind, deliver on that ſubject. They ſay, that the objects which moſt ſenſibly ſtruck us the preceding day, employ our ſoul in the night. The traces which they imprinted on the fibres

fibres of our brain, subsist. The animal spirits, accustomed to flow to certain places, pursue a course which is become familiar to them: and thence arise these involuntary images which afflict or rejoice us. In this system I should think, that a happy lover ought always to be well served by his dreams. Nevertheless it frequently happens that a person who is not cruel to him, while he is awake, in his sleep treats him like a slave; or that instead of enjoying a charming woman, he finds a little deformed monster in his arms.

That is exactly my adventure of last night, interrupted *Mangogul*: for I seldom pass a night without dreaming. It is a family disease; and we dream from father to son, since the Sultan *Togrul*, who dream'd in 743500000002, and began the custom. Now, madam, last night

you appeared to me, ſays he to *Mirzoza*. 'Twas your ſkin, your arms, your breaſt, your neck, your ſhoulders, this firm fleſh, this eaſy ſhape, this incomparable *Embonpoint*, in a word it was yourſelf; excepting this circumſtance, that inſtead of that charming face, that adorable head which I expected to find, I found myſelf noſe to noſe with the ſnout of a *Dutch* pug.

I ſcream'd out dreadfully; my chamberlain *Kotluk* ran to me, and aſk'd me what was the matter. *Mirzoza*, anſwered I, half aſleep, has juſt now undergone the moſt hideous metamorphoſis. She is become a *Dutch* dog. *Kotluk* did not think proper to awake me: he withdrew, and I fell aſleep again: but I can aſſure you that I knew you wonderfully well, your body with a dog's

head. Will *Bloculocus* give me the explanation of this phænomenon?

I do not deſpair of doing it, anſwered *Bloculocus*, provided your highneſs will agree with me in one very plain principle; which is, that all beings have many conformities one with another, by qualities which are common to them: and that it is a certain combination of qualities which characterizes and diſtinguiſhes them.

That is evident, replies *Mirzoza*. *Ipſiphila* has feet, hands, and a mouth, like a woman of ſenſe; and *Pharaſmena*, adds *Mangogul*, wears her ſword like a man of courage.

If a perſon is not ſufficiently acquainted with the qualities, the combination of which characterizes this or that ſpecies; or if he paſſes a haſty judgment, that this combination does or does not belong to this or that individual; he runs the riſque of

miſtak-

miſtaking copper for gold, a paſte for a brillant, a calculator for a geometrician, a retailer of phraſes for a wit, *Crito* for an honeſt man, and *Phedima* for a pretty woman, added the Sultana.

Well, madam, replies *Bloculocus*, do you know what might be ſaid of thoſe who paſs theſe judgments?

That they dream wide awake, ſays *Mirzoza*.

Very well, madam, continued *Bloculocus*; and nothing is more philoſophical or more exact in a thouſand circumſtances than this familiar expreſſion: *I believe you dream:* for nothing is more common than men who fancy that they reaſon, and in reality only dream with their eyes open.

'Tis of thoſe, interrupted the favorite, one may literally ſay, that their whole life is but a dream.

I can-

I cannot too much admire, madam, replied *Bloculocus*, the eaſe with which you comprehend ſuch abſtruſe notions. Our dreams are but precipitate judgments which ſucceed each other with incredible rapidity, and by bringing objects together, whoſe ſole connection is by very diſtant qualities, compoſe one whimſical image.

If I underſtand you right, ſaid *Mirzoza*, as I think I do, a dream is a piece of patch-work, the patches of which are more in number, more regularly fitted, according as the dreamer has a more lively turn of thought, a more rapid imagination, and a more faithful memory. Might not madneſs alſo conſiſt in this? And when an inhabitant of the *Petites Maiſons* cries out that he ſees lightning, hears the rattling of thunder, and that gulphs gape under his feet; or when *Ariadne* at her glaſs ſmiles at herſelf,

finds

finds her eyes ſparkling, her complexion charming, her teeth white, and her mouth little; might not one juſtly ſay, that theſe two diſordered brains, deceived by very diſtant affinities, look on imaginary objects as preſent and real?

You have hit it off, madam: yes, a due examination of mad folks will convince any body, that their condition is but a continual dream.

I have, ſays *Selim* addreſſing himſelf to *Bloculocus*, ſome facts by me, to which your notions are very applicable; which makes me reſolve to adopt them. Once I dream'd that I heard ſome brayings, and that I ſaw two parallel rows of ſingular animals coming out of the great moſque; they walk'd gravely on their hinder feet: the hoods in which their ſnouts were muffled up, had two holes in each, thro' which iſſued two long move-

moveable hairy ears ; and very long ſleeves envelopped their fore feet. I rack'd my brain at the time, to find ſome meaning in this viſion : but I now recollect that I had been at *Montmartre* * the preceding evening.

Another time, while we were in the field, commanded by the great Sultan *Erguebzed* in perſon, and I, haraſſed by a forced march, was taking a nap in my tent, I thought I had the concluſion of an important affair to ſollicite in the divan : I went to appear before the council of regency : but you may judge how much I had reaſon to be ſurprized. I found the hall full of racks, troughs, mangers, and coops for fowls ; in the great *Seneſchal's* eaſy chair I ſaw but an ox chewing the cud ; in the *Seraſkier's* place, a Barbary ſheep ; on the *Teſtesdar's* bench, an eagle with a hooked

* A hill near *Paris* famous for aſſes.

hooked bill and long talons; instead of the *Kiaja* and *Kadileſker*, two large owls cloathed in fur; and for Viſirs, geeſe with peacocks tails. I preſented my petition, and inſtantly heard a horrible racket, which awaked me.

Is that a dream of very difficult interpretation, ſaid *Mangogul*? you had at that time ſome affair in the divan, and before you went thither, you took a walk to the *Menagerie*: but Signor *Blaculocus*, you tell me nothing concerning my dog's head.

Prince, anſwer'd *Bloculocus*, 'tis a hundred to one, that madam wore, or you had obſerved ſome other lady wear a ſable tippet; and that the firſt *Dutch* dog, which you ſaw, ſtruck your imagination. There you have ten times more connections than is requiſite to employ your mind during your ſleep: the reſemblance of colour.

lour made you ſubſtitute hair for a tippet, and in an inſtant you planted an ugly dog's head in the place of a very beautiful woman's head.

Your notions to me appear juſt, replied *Mangogul*: why do you not publiſh them? they may contribute to the progreſs of divination by dreams, an important ſcience, which was much cultivated two thouſand years ago; and has ſince been too much neglected. Another advantage of your ſyſtem is, that it would not fail throwing light on ſeveral works, both ancient and modern, which are but a ſtring of dreams; ſuch as *Plato's* treatiſe of idea's, the fragments of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, the literary paradoxes of father *Harduin*, the *Newton*, the optic of colours, and the univerſal mathematicks of a certain *Bramin*. For example, would you not inform us, Mr. *Conjurer*, what *Orcotomus* had

ſeen

seen in the day time, when he dream'd his *Hypothesis*; what father C—— had dreamt, when he set about constructing his organ of colours; and what was *Cleobulus*'s dream, when he composed his tragedy?

With a little meditation, Sir, answered *Bloculocus*, I might compass all that: but I reserve these nice phænomena for the time, when I shall put out my translation of *Philoxenus*, for which I beseech your highness to grant me the privilege.

With all my heart, says *Mangogul*: but who is this same *Philoxenus*?—— Prince, replies *Bloculocus*, he is a Greek author, who was very knowing in the subject of dreams.——Then you understand Greek?——Who I, Sir, not a syllable. —— Have you not told me that you are translating *Philoxenus*, and that he wrote in Greek? Yes, Sir; but in order to translate a language,

language, it is not neceſſary to underſtand it: becauſe tranſlations are made for thoſe only, who underſtand it not.

That is wonderful, ſays the Sultan; Signor *Bloculocus*, well then tranſlate Greek without underſtanding it. I give you my word, that I will keep the ſecret, and it ſhall not make me honour you one jot the leſs.

CHAP. X.

Twenty-third Trial of the Ring.

FANNIA.

THERE ſtill remain'd a good part of the day, when this converſation was cloſed: which determined *Mangogul* to make one trial of his ring, before he retired to his appartment;

appartment; tho' it were purely to fall asleep on more chearful idea's than those which had hitherto employ'd him. He went directly to *Fannia's* house; but found her not. He return'd thither after supper; she was still absent. Wherefore he put off his experiment to the next morning.

Mangogul, says the *African* author, whose Journal we translate, was at *Fannia's* house by half an hour after nine this morning. She was but just put to bed. The Sultan drew near her pillow, view'd her for some time, and could not conceive how, with so few charms, she had run through so many adventures.

Fannia is fair even to insipidity, tall, ungainly, with an indecent gait, no features, few *Agrémens*, and an air of intrepidity, intolerable any where but at court. As for wit, she is allowed

to

to have juſt as much as gallantry can communicate: and a woman muſt be born very weak, if ſhe has not acquired a ſtock of jargon after a ſcore of intrigues; for *Fannia* was advanced thus far.

At this time ſhe was poſſeſſed by a man ſuited to her character. He gave himſelf little or no concern about her infidelities; tho' indeed he was not as well informed as the public, how far ſhe carried them. He had taken *Fannia* by caprice, and kept her by habit; like a piece of furniture. They had ſpent the night at the ball, went to bed at nine, and fell aſleep without ceremony. *Alonzo's* indifference would not have ſuited *Fannia*, were it not for her eaſy humour. Thus our couple were ſleeping ſoundly back to back, when the Sultan turn'd his ring on *Fannia's* Toy. It inſtantly began to ſpeak, its miſtreſs to ſnoar, and *Alonzo* to awake.

After yawning ſeveral times; "this "is not *Alonzo*; what's o'clock, who "wants me? your buſineſs, ſaid the "Toy. I think I have not been long "in bed, let me take another nap."

The Toy was preparing to compoſe itſelf to reſt accordingly; but that was not the Sultan's intention. "What "perſecution, reſumed the Toy. "Once more who wants me, and for "what? 'tis a misfortune to be born "of illuſtrious anceſtors: how un- "happy is the condition of a titled "Toy! if any thing could conſole "me for the fatigues of my ſtate, it "would be the goodneſs of the noble- "man, whoſe property I am. Oh! "he is certainly the beſt man in the "world in that regard. He has ne- "ver given us the leaſt uneaſineſs: "and in return we have made great "uſe of the liberty he granted us. "What would have become of me

grea

“ great *Brama*, if I had fallen to the
“ ſhare of one of thoſe inſipid
“ wretches, who are always upon the
“ watch? what a fine life we ſhould
“ have led!”

Here the Toy added ſome words, which *Mangogul* underſtood not, and then with ſurpriſing rapidity fell to ſketching out a crowd of heroic, comic, burleſque, and tragicomic adventures: and it was almoſt out of breath, when it continued in theſe terms. “You
“ ſee I have ſome memory. But I
“ am like all others; I have retained
“ but the ſmalleſt part of what I have
“ been intruſted with. Be ſatisfied
“ therefore with what I have related
“ to you, I can recollect no more at
“ preſent.”

’Tis pretty well, ſaid *Mangogul* within himſelf; but ſtill he urged afreſh. “Lud, how teizing you are,
“ reſumed the Toy: As if one had

"nothing better to do than to prate. "Come then, since it must be so, "let us prate on: perhaps when I "have told all, I shall be permitted "to do something else."

My Mistress *Fannia*, continued the Toy, thro' an inconceivable spirit of retirement, quitted the court, to shut her self up in her house at *Banza*. It was then the begining of autumn, and every body was out of town. And if you ask me what she did there; Faith, I can't tell. But *Fannia* never did but one thing; and if she had been employ'd that way, I should have known it. Probably she was out of work: true, I now recollect, we spent a day and a half in perfect idleness, which threw us into a cruel fit of the vapors.

I was heart-sick of this sort of life, when *Amisadar* was so good to relieve us from it.—— "Ah! you are

" are there, my poor *Amisadar*, in-" deed you give me great pleasure. " You come to me very oppor-" tunely." —— And who knew that you were at *Banza*, replied *Amisadar* ? — " No body truly : and " neither you nor any one else will " ever imagine what brought me hi-" ther. Don't you guess at the " cause?" —— No, really, I cannot comprehend it. --- " Not at all?" — No, not at all.— " Well then know, " my dear, that I resolved to be con-" verted" —— You, to be converted ?—— " Yes, I" ——Look on me a little: but you are as charming as ever, and I see nothing in that countenance that bespeaks conversion. This is all pleasantry—— " No, faith, " I am serious. I am determined to " renounce the world. I am tired of " it" —— This is a whim, that will soon fly off. Let me die, if ever

you run into devotion—— " I will,
" I tell you: there is no fincerity in
" man "——— Pray has *Mazul* fail'd
you? " I have not feen him this
age. "——— Then it muft be *Zuphelo?*—— " Lefs ftill, I have cea-
" fed feeing him, I can't tell how,
" without thinking about it. "—— Ah!
I have it, 'tis young *Imola?*—" Good,
" who can fix fuch fribbles?"—What
is it then?—— " I can't tell, I am
" angry with the whole earth?——
Ah! Madam, you are in the wrong;
for this earth, at which you are angry,
might furnifh you wherewithal to repair your loffes.——" Then, *Amifadar*,
" you fincerely believe that there are
" ftill fome good fouls, who have
" efcaped from the corruption of the
" age, and are capable of love?——
" How, love! Is it poffible that you
" give into thofe pitiful notions?

" you

" you expect to be loved, you ?——
" And why not ?"——But reflect, madam, that a man who loves, pretends to be loved, and alone too. You have too much good ſenſe, to enſlave your ſelf to the jealouſies and caprices of a tender and faithful lover. Nothing ſo fatiguing as theſe folks. To ſee but them, to love but them, to dream of none but them, to have no wit, humour, or charms but for them; all this moſt certainly does not ſuit you. It would be pleaſant to ſee you ſtive yourſelf up in, what is called, the noble paſſion, and give your ſelf all the awkward airs of a little female cit. " Well, *Amiſadar*, you ſeem to be in the right.
" I verily think it would ill become us
" to run into fawning love. Let us
" change then, ſince it muſt be
" ſo. Beſides, I do not ſee, that
" thoſe loving women, whom they

" set us as models, are happier than
" others."—— " Who told you so,
" madam?—— " No body, but it is
" easily foreseen.——" Trust not to
" such foresight? A loving woman
" constitutes her own, and her lover's
" happiness: but this part is not suited
" to all women.—— " Faith, my
" dear, it is suited to none: for all,
" who atempt it, are sufferers. What
" advantage is there in fixing to
" one?"—— A thousand, a woman, who fixes her affections, will preserve her reputation; will be sovereignly esteemed by the man she loves; and you cannot imagine, how much love owes to esteem.——I
" do not comprehend your meaning,
" you make a jumble of reputation,
" love, esteem, and I can't tell what
" besides. Would you be under-
" stood, that inconstancy must dis-
" honour a woman? How, I take a
" man,

" man, and find he does not anſwer
" my expectations: I take another,
" and am ſtill diſappointed: I change
" him for a third, who does not turn
" out a jot better: and becauſe I have
" had the misfortune to make a ſcore
" of wrong choices, inſtead of pitying
" me, you would"—— I would,
madam, adviſe a woman who has
been deceived in her firſt choice, not
to make a ſecond; for fear of being
deceived again, and running from one
error into another. ——" Good God,
" what ſtrange morality! I fancy,
" my dear, that you preached me a
" quite different ſort juſt now. Might
" one be informed what ſort of woman
" would hit your taſte?"————
Moſt willingly, madam; but 'tis late,
and the diſcourſe would run into too
great a length.————" So much the
" better: I am alone, and you will
" be company for me. Thus the

 " affair

"affair is ſettled, is it not? Seat "yourſelf on this couch, and go on: "I ſhall hear you more at eaſe."

Amiſadar obey'd, and ſate down by *Fannia*. "That mantelet of "yours, madam, ſays he, leaning to-"wards her, and uncovering her bo-"ſom, wraps you up ſtrangely."— You ſay right.———"Why then do "you hide ſuch beautiful things, ad-"ded he, kiſſing them?"——— Come, ha' done. Do you know that you are mad? You are become intolerably impudent. Mr. Moraliſt reſume the converſation which you began.

"Well then, ſaid *Amiſadar*, I "would be glad to find in my mi-"ſtreſs a good figure, good ſenſe, "good ſentiments, and decency "above all. I would have her ap-"prove my attendance; not deceive "me by looks; make me thoroughly

"ſen-

"sensible, once at least, that I am "agreeable to her; and even inform "me how I may become still more so; "not conceal from me the progress I "make in her heart; give ear to "none but me, have no eyes but for "me; neither think, nor even "dream, but of me; love but me; "busy herself about nothing but me; "do nothing but what may tend to "convince me of all this: and at "length yielding herself up to my "transports, let me plainly perceive "that I owe every thing to my love "and to hers. Oh, what a triumph, "madam! And how happy is the "man who possesses such a woman!" ——Alas, my poor *Amisadar*, you are certainly out of your senses. You have drawn the portrait of woman who does not exist.——"Pardon me, "madam, there are some in being. I "own that they are rare; but yet I

 "have

" have had the good fortune to light
" of one. Alas! if death had not
" ſnatch'd her from me, for 'tis death
" alone that ever robs one of ſuch
" women, perhaps I ſhould be in her
" arms at preſent."——But how
then did you behave with her?—"I
" loved to diſtraction, and miſs'd no
" opportunity of giving her proofs
" of my paſſion. I had the ſweet ſa-
" tisfaction of ſeeing that they were
" well received. I was ſcrupulouſly
" faithful to her, and ſhe to me.
" The only diſputes between us were,
" whoſe love was ſtrongeſt; and in theſe
" little debates it was, that we laid
" our hearts open. We were never ſo
" fond as after this ſcrutiny of our
" ſouls. Our careſſes always became
" more tender and vigorous after our
" explanations. Oh! what love and
" truth were then in our looks! I
" read in her eyes, and ſhe in mine,
" that

" that we burned with equal and mu-
" tual ardor."——And whither did
all this lead ye? —- "To pleasures
" unknown to all mortals less amo-
" rous and sincere than us."——
You enjoyed? ——"Yes I enjoyed,
" but a good on which I set an infinite
" value. If esteem does not intoxi-
" cate, at least it hightens the in-
" toxication considerably. We un-
" bosom'd ourselves without reserve,
" and you can't imagine how much it
" strengthened our passion. The
" more I examined, the more per-
" fections I discovered, and the great-
" er were my transports. I spent
" half my time at her feet, and I re-
" gretted the loss of the rest. I made
" her happiness, and she filled up the
" measure of mine. I always saw
" her with pleasure, and always quit-
" ted her with pain. Thus we lived
" together: and now, madam, you

" may judge if loving women are ſo " much to be pitied"——No they are not, if what you tell me be true; but I can ſcarcely believe it. There is no ſuch love as you deſcribe. Nay, I imagine, that ſuch a paſſion as you have felt, muſt make a man purchaſe the pleaſures it affords at the expence of great uneaſineſſes. ----" I had ſome, " madam, but I was fond of them. " I felt ſome twitches of jealouſy. " The leaſt alteration which I remark- " ed in her countenance, ſpread the " alarm all over my ſoul".—— What extravagance! Upon mature conſideration, I conclude that it is better to love in the preſent faſhionable way; to take a lover at one's eaſe, keep to him while he amuſes, quit him when he becomes tireſome, or that our fancy ſpeaks for another. Inconſtancy affords a variety of pleaſures unknown to you languiſhing folks. ---

" I

"I grant that that method may be "proper enough for little kept mi- "ſtreſſes and common women; but "does not ſuit with a man of tender- "neſs and delicacy. At moſt it may "amuſe him, when his heart is diſ- "engaged, and he is willing to make "compariſons. In a word, a woman "of gallantry is by no means of my "taſte."———You are in the right, my dear *Amiſadar*, you have a ra- viſhing way of thinking. But do you love any thing at preſent?——— "Nothing, madam, but yourſelf; "and I dare not tell you ſo neither." ———Ah! my dear, dare on: you may continue, replied *Fannia*, gazing on him ſtedfaſtly.

Amiſadar underſtood this reply thoroughly well, moved forward on the couch, fell to playing with a rib- bon, which hung down on *Fannia's* breaſt, and he was not interrupted.

His

His hand, meeting with no obſtacle, ſlipt down lower. She continued to fire him with glances, which he did not miſinterpret. For my part, ſays the Toy, I found he was a ſenſible man. He took a kiſs on that neck, on which he had beſtowed ſo many encomiums. He was deſired to ſtop, but in ſuch a tone as plainly ſhewed that ſhe would take it ill, if he obeyed; and accordingly he did not. He kiſſed her hands, return'd to her neck, paſſed to her mouth: nothing reſiſted him. Inſenſibly *Fannia*'s leg was on *Amiſadar*'s thighs. He put his hand on it: it was ſoft, and *Amiſadar* did not fail to remark it. His elogy was heard with an air of diſtraction. By favor of this inattention, *Amiſadar*'s hand advanced, and with rapidity reached her knees. The abſence of mind ſtill continued; and *Amiſadar* was preparing for the

charge,

charge, when *Fannia* came to herself. She accused the little philosopher of want of respect; but he became so absent in his turn, that he did not hear one word, or at least made no other answer to the reproaches she threw on him, but by compleating his happiness.

What a charming man he appear'd to me! Of the multitude of those, who preceded and followed him, not one was ever so much to my taste. I cannot mention him without panting. Pray suffer me to recover breath! I I think I have spoken a pretty sufficient time, considering it is my first speech.

Alonzo did not lose one single word of *Fannia*'s Toy; and he was no less impatient than *Mangogul* to hear the remaining part of the adventure: but neither of them had time to be out of patience, when the tale-telling Toy resumed in these words.

All

All that I can comprehend after ferious confideration, is, that in fome few days *Amifadar* went to the country, that he was afked the reafon of his ftay in town, and that he related his adventure with my miftrefs. For fomebody of *Amifadar's* and her acquaintance, paffing by our door, enquired either by chance or defign, if madam was at home, fent in his name, and went up. ——— "Ah! "madam, who could imagine you "were in *Banza?* and how long are "you here?" ——— An age, my dear, this fortnight, that I have renounced fociety. "May I prefume to afk, madam, upon what account?" ———Alas! becaufe I was tired of it. Women are become fuch ftrange libertines, that there is no bearing them. One muft either do as they do, or pafs for a filly creature; and fincerely, I think both extremes fhould

ſhould be avoided. ——— "Indeed, "madam, you are become quite edi- "fying. Pray, is it the converſa- "tion of the *Bramin Brelibibi*, that "has wrought your converſion ?" ——— No, 'tis a ſquall of philo- ſophy, 'tis a quint of devotion. It ſeized me ſuddenly; and it is not poor *Amiſadar*'s fault that I am not at preſent practiſing the higheſt auſte- rity.———"Then madam has ſeen "him lately?" —— Yes, once or twice. ——— "And you have ſeen "no body elſe." ——— No, truly. He is the only thinking, reaſoning, active being, that has entered my doors during the eternity of my re- treat. ——— "That is ſingular" ——— And what ſingularity is there in it? —— "Nothing but an ad- "venture which he had the other "day with a lady of *Banza*, alone "like you, devout like you, retired "from

" from the world like you. But I " muſt tell you the ſtory : perhaps it " will amuſe you."——— Without doubt, replied *Fannia*: and immediately *Amiſadar*'s friend ſet about relating his adventure word for word, as I have done, ſays the Toy : and when he was advanced as far as I am now. ———" Well, madam, ſaid he, " what do you think ? Is not *Amiſa-*" *dar* a lucky man ?" ——— But, anſwered *Fannia*, *Amiſadar* is a lier perhaps : do you imagine that there are women ſo daring as to abandon themſelves without ſhame ? ——— " But conſider, madam, replied " *Maruſpha*, that *Amiſadar* has nam-" ed no body, and it is very impro-" bable that he has impoſed"——— I begin to ſee thro' the affair, ſays *Fannia* : *Amiſadar* has wit, and is a handſome man, he has, to be ſure, infuſed ſome notions of ſenſual plea-

ſure

ſure into this poor recluſe, which have maſtered her. Yes, this muſt be it: this ſort of folks are dangerous to hear, and *Amiſadar* is matchleſs in that way.— "How, madam, inter-"rupted *Marſupha*, is *Amiſadar* the "only man that has the art of per-"ſwading, and will you not do ju-"ſtice to others, who deſerve, as "much as he, a ſhare in your eſteem?" ——Pray, whom do you mean?" — "Myſelf, madam, who think "you a charming woman, and"—I fancy you joke. Look at me then, *Marſupha*. I have neither paint nor patches. My night-cap does not become me. I make a frightful figure. ——"You are miſtaken, madam: "that undreſs ſets you off ſurpriſingly. "It gives you ſo winning and kind an "air!——

To theſe gallantries *Marſupha* added others. I inſenſibly joined in the con-

conversation ; and when *Marsupha* had finished with me, he resumed with my mistress. " Seriously, *Ami-* " *sadar* has attempted your conver- " sion ; he has an admirable hand at " conversions. Could you give " me a sample of his morals ? I " I would lay a wager they are much " the same with mine." ——— We have thoroughly handled some points of gallantry. We have analysed the difference between an affectionate woman and a woman of gallantry. He is for the affectionate women——— " And you too without doubt ?" —Not at all, my dear. I took great pains to demonstrate to him, that we were all alike, and that we acted upon the same principles : but he is not of this opinion. He establishes an infinity of distinctions, which, I think, exist nowhere but in his imagination. He has formed to himself, I can't tell what

what ideal creature, a chimera of a woman, a non-entity in a coif."—— "Madam, anſwered *Marſupha*, I "know *Amiſadar*. He is a lad of "good ſenſe; and has been very con-"verſant with the ſex. If he has told "you that there were ſuch"——Oh! whether there are ſuch or not, interrupted *Fannia*, I could never conform to their cuſtoms."——"I believe it, "ſaid *Marſupha*: and accordingly "you have choſen another ſort of "conduct more ſuitable to your birth "and merit. Thoſe ſilly creatures "are to be abandoned to philoſophers: "they would never be look'd on at "court."——

Here *Fannia*'s Toy ſtopt ſhort. One of the principal perfections of theſe orators was to break off their diſcourſe *à propos*. They talk'd as if they had never done any thing elſe: whence ſome authors have inferr'd, that

that they were pure machines. In this place the *African* author ſpecifies all the metaphyſical arguments of the *Carteſians* againſt the ſoul of brutes, which he applies with all poſſible ſagacity to the prating of Toys. In a word, his opinion is, that Toys ſpeak as birds ſing; that is to ſay, ſo perfectly without having been taught, that, to be ſure, they are prompted by ſome ſuperior intelligence.

But you aſk me how he diſpoſes of his prince. He ſends him to dine with the favorite: at leaſt 'tis there we ſhall find him in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The history of Selim's *travels.*

MAngogul, whose thoughts ran solely on diversifying his pleasures, and multiplying the trials of his ring; after having interrogated the most interesting Toys of the court, had the curiosity to hear some of the city Toys. But as he had no advantageous opinion of what he should learn from them, he would willingly consult them at his ease, and save himself the trouble of going to find them out.

How to bring them to him, was what embarrassed him. "You are "in great pain for a trifle, says *Mirzoza*. Sir, you have only to give a "ball,

" ball, and I promiſe you this very " night a greater number of thoſe " ſpeech-makers than you will covet " to hear."

My heart's joy, you ſay right, replied *Mangogul*; and your contrivance is the better ſtill, becauſe we ſhall certainly have none but thoſe whom we have occaſion for. In a moment an order was diſpatch'd to the *Kiſlar-Agaſi*, and the maſter of the revels, to prepare the ball, and to diſtribute no more than four thouſand tickets. They were probably better judges in that country than elſewhere, of the room that ſix thouſand perſons would take up.

To amuſe themſelves till the hour of the ball, *Selim*, *Mangogul*, and the favorite ſet about telling news. Does madam know, ſays *Selim* to the favorite, that poor *Codindo* is dead?

This

This is the first word I heard of it, but what did he die of, says the favorite? Alas, madam, answered *Selim*, he fell a victim to attraction. He filled his head with this system in his youth, and it turn'd his brain in his old days. How so, says the favorite?

'He had found, continued *Selim*,' by the methods of *Halley* and *Circino*, two celebrated astronomers of *Monoémugi*,' that a certain comet, which made so much noise towards the end of *Kanoglou*'s reign, was to return the day before yesterday; and fearing lest it might double its steps, and he should not have the happiness of being the first to see it; he resolved to spend the night in his observatory, and yesterday morning at nine o'clock he had still his eye clung to the telescope.

His son apprehending the consequences of so long a sitting, went to him at eight, pull'd him by the sleeve, and called him several times: *Father, Father*. Not a word of answer. *Father, Father*, repeated the young *Codindo*. "It is just going to "appear, replied *Codindo*: it will "appear; zounds! I shall see it." But you do not consider, dear father, that there is a dismal fog—— "I must "see it, I will see it, I tell thee."

The young man, convinced by these answers, that the fog had got into his father's head, called out for help. The family ran to him, and sent for *Farfadi*; aud I was with him (for he is my physician) when *Codindo*'s servant came.——"Quick, "quick, Sir, make haste, old *Co-* "*dindo*, my master"—— Well, what is the matter, *Champagne*? What has befallen your master?——"Sir, "he

" he is run mad."——Thy master is run mad.——" Oh! yes, Sir. " He cries out that he must see beasts, " that he will see beasts; that they " will come. The apothecary is with " him already, and they wait for " you. Come quickly."——*Maniacal*, says *Farfadi*, putting on his gown, and hunting for his square cup; *Maniacal*, a terrible maniacal fit. Then turning to the servant, he ask'd: Does not thy master see butter-flies? Does he not pick the ends of his coverlid?——" Oh! no, Sir, " replied *Champagne*. The poor man " is on the top of his observatory, " where his wife, daughters and son " have much ado to hold him. Come " quickly, you will find your square-" cap to-morrow."

Codindo's disease seemed to me to be of an odd kind: I took *Farfadi* in my coach, and we drove to the

observatory. At the bottom of the stairs we heard *Codindo* crying out in a furious tone: "I must see the comet, I will see it: withdraw ye rascals and jades."

In all probability his family, finding that they could not prevail on him to go down to his bed-chamber, had ordered his bed up to him: for we found him lying in bed at the top of his observatory. An apothecary of the neighbourhood, and the *Bramin* of the parish had been called before we arrived. The latter was trumpeting into his ear: "Brother, dear brother, "your salvation is at stake: you can- "not with a safe conscience expect a "comet at this hour of the day: you "damn yourself." —— That is my business, said *Codindo*. "What "answer will you give to *Brama*, "before whom you are going to ap- "pear, replied the *Bramin*?" ——

Mr.

Mr. Rector, says *Codindo*, without stirring his eye from the telescope, my answer shall be, that it is your trade to exhort me for my money, and the apothecary's there, to extol his warm water to me; that the physician does his duty of feeling my pulse, and learning nothing from it; and I my own, of waiting for the comet.——In vain did they teize him, they drew nothing more from him: he continued to observe with heroic courage; and he died on the leads, his left hand on his eye of that side; his right laid on the tube of the telescope, and his right eye applied close to the eye-glass; between his son, who cried that he made a false calculation; his apothecary, who proposed him a clyster; his physician, who with a toss of his head pronounced, that there was nothing more to be done; and his priest, who said to

him: brother, make an act of contrition, and recommend yourself to *Brama.*———

That is, says *Mangogul*, what they call dying in the bed of honour. Let us leave poor *Codindo*, added the favorite, to rest in peace, and pass to some more agreeable subject. Then addressing herself to *Selim*, my lord, says she, as you are so gallant at this time of life, have so much wit, talents, and so good a mien, and lived in a court devoted to pleasures; it is no wonder if the Toys have formerly celebrated your fame. But yet I suspect that they have not told all they knew of you. I do not require this supplement: you may have good reasons for refusing it. But after all the adventures, with which this gentry have honoured you, you ought to know womankind: and this is one of

thoſe things of no conſequence, which you may ſafely own.

This compliment, madam, replied *Selim*, would have flattered my ſelf-love at the age of twenty: but I have gained ſome experience, and one of my firſt reflections is, that the more one practiſes this buſineſs, the leſs knowledge he obtains. I, to know women! that I have ſtudied them much, may be allowed. Well, what do you think of them, ſaid the favorite? Madam, anſwered *Selim*, whatſoever their Toys might have publiſhed concerning them, I eſteem the whole ſex as moſt reſpectable.

Indeed, my friend, ſays the Sultan, you deſerve to be a Toy; you would have no occaſion for a muzzle. *Selim*, added the Sultana, abandon the ſatyrical ſtrain, and ſpeak the truth. Madam, replied the courtier, I may poſſibly mix ſome diſagreeable ſtrokes

with my narrative: do not impose the task on me of offending a sex, which has always used me well enough, and which I revere by——What, always veneration! I know nothing so caustic as those sweet-tongued folks, when they set on, interrupted *Mirzoza*; and imagining that it was through regard for her that *Selim* excused himself, let not my presence restrain you, added she: we are contriving to amuse ourselves; and I promise upon my honour to apply to myself all the obliging things you shall say of my sex, and to leave the rest to other women. Well, you have studied women much? Pray, give us an account of the course of your studies: it must have been very brilliant, if I may judge of it by what is known of the success: and it is reasonable to presume, that this will not be contradicted by what is unknown.

known. The old courtier complied with her desire, and began thus.

The Toys, I own, have talked a good deal of me; but they have not told all. Those who were capable of completing my history, either are no more, or are not in our climate: and those who have begun it, have but lightly touched the subject. I have hitherto inviolably kept the secret which I had promised them; although I was better made to speak than they; but since they have broke silence, I think they have dispensed me from the obligation of keeping it.

Born with a fiery constitution, I loved almost as soon as I knew what a beautiful woman was. I had governants which I detested; but in return I was much pleased with my mother's waiting-women. They were for the most part young and pretty:

they conversed, dressed, and undressed before me without ceremony; they have even enticed me to take liberties with them, and my temper naturally inclining to gallantry, turned every thing to advantage. With these elements of instruction, at five or six years of age I was put under the care of men; and God knows how forward I was in improving them, when the ancient authors were put into my hands, and my tutors explained certain passages, of which possibly they themselves did not penetrate into the sense. My father's pages taught me some pretty college tricks: and the perusal of *Aloysia*, which they lent me, gave me a vehement desire of becoming perfect. I was then fourteen years of age.

I cast my eyes around, seeking among the women who frequented the house, one to whom I might make

my

my addresses: but they all appeared equally proper to ease me of my irksome load of innocence. A commenced acquaintance, and still more the courage I felt to attack a person of my own age, and which failed me with regard to others, determined my choice in favor of one of my cousins. *Emilia* was young, and so was I: I thought her pretty, and she liked me: she was not difficult, and I was enterprizing: I had a mind to learn, and she was not less curious to know. We frequently asked one another very frank and strong questions: and one day she deceived the vigilance of her governants, and we instructed each other. Ah! how great a master is nature! it soon set us in the high road of pleasure, and we abandoned ourselves to its impulse, without the least thought of the consequences: and this was not the way to prevent

them. *Emilia* had indiſpoſitions, which ſhe took the leſs pains to hide, as ſhe did not ſuſpect the cauſe. Her mother examined her, extorted a confeſſion of our commerce, and my father was informed of it. He made me ſome reprimands blended with an air of ſatisfaction; and it was immediately reſolved that I ſhould travel. I ſet out with a governor, who was charged to watch my conduct attentively, but not to put me under any reſtraint: and five months after, the gazette informed me, that *Emilia* died of the ſmall pox; and a letter from my father, that her tenderneſs for me had coſt her her life. The firſt fruit of my love ſerves with diſtinction in the Sultan's army: I have always ſupported him by my credit, and to this day he knows me ſolely as his protector.

We

We were at *Tunis*, when I received the news of his birth and his mother's death. Her fate touch'd me to the quick, and I believe I ſhould have been inconſolable, had I not embarked in an intrigue with a ſea-captain's wife, who did not afford me time to run into deſpair. The *Tunetine* was intrepid, and I was fool-hardy: for with the aſſiſtance of a rope-ladder, which ſhe threw to me, I paſſed every night from my lodging on her terraſs, and thence into a cloſet, where ſhe put the finiſhing hand to my inſtructions; *Emilia* having only made a beginning. Her huſband return'd from a cruize, juſt at the time, that my governor, who had received his inſtructions, urged me to croſs over into *Europe*. I embarked on board a veſſel bound for *Liſbon*, but not without ſeveral times taking leave of *Elvira*, from whom I received this diamond.

The

The vessel, in which we sailed, was laden with merchandise; but the most valuable commodity on board, to my taste, was the captain's wife. She was not quite twenty: and her husband was as jealous of her as a tyger, and not quite without cause. We all soon understood one another: *Donna Velina* perceived that I had a liking for her; I, that I was not indifferent to her; and her husband, that he incommoded us. The sailor resolved not to lose sight of us till we were landed at *Lisbon*. I read in the eyes of his dear wife, how much she fretted at her husband's assiduity: mine testified the same things to her; and the husband understood us wonderfully well. We spent two whole days in an inconceivable thirst of pleasure; which would certainly have kill'd us, had not heaven assisted us: but it always assists souls in pain.

Just

Just upon our passing the Streights of *Gibraltar*, a furious tempest arose. I would not fail, madam, to raise the winds about your ears, and make thunder rattle over your head; to set the heavens on fire with lightning, raise the billows up to the clouds, and describe the most horrid tempest which you have ever met with in any romance; were I not giving you a history. I shall only tell you, that the captain was compelled by the sailors cries to quit his room, and expose himself to one danger for fear of another. He went up on deck together with my governor, and I threw myself without hesitation into the arms of my fair *Portuguese*; quite forgetting that there was any such thing in nature as a sea, storms, or tempests; that we were on board a tottering vessel; and abandoning myself without reserve to the perfidious

element.

element. Our courſe was rapid, and you may well judge, madam, by the weather at that time, that I ſaw a great deal of land in a few hours. We put in at *Cadiz*, where I left a promiſe with the Signora to meet her at *Liſbon*, if my *Mentor* agreed to it, whoſe deſign was to go directly to *Madrid*.

The *Spaniſh* women are more cloſely confined, and more amorous than ours. Love is managed in that country by a ſort of ambaſſadreſſes, who have orders to catechize ſtrangers, to make propoſals to them, to conduct them forward and backward; and the ladies undertake the taſk of making them happy. I was not obliged to go through this ceremony, thanks to the conjuncture. A great revolution had lately placed a prince of the blood royal of *France* on the throne of this kingdom: his arrival and coronation

nation occaſioned feſtivals at the court, where I then appeared. I was accoſted at a maſquerade; and a meeting was propoſed me for the next day: I accepted the challenge, and went into a little houſe, where I found only one man maſk'd, his noſe wrapp'd in his cloak, who delivered me a letter, in which *Donna Oropeza* put off the party to the next day at the ſame hour: I returned, and was introduced into an appartment ſumptuouſly furniſh'd, and well illuminated with wax tapers. My goddeſs did not make me wait long. She enter'd juſt at my heels, and ruſh'd into my arms without ſpeaking a word, or taking off her maſk. Was ſhe ugly? Was ſhe handſome? was what I knew not; I only perceived on the couch, to which ſhe drew me, that ſhe was young, well-made, and loved pleaſure. When ſhe found herſelf ſatisfied with my

panegyricks, she unmask'd, and shewed me the original of this picture, which you see in my snuff-box.

Selim open'd, and at the same time presented the favorite with a gold box, of exquisite work, and richly adorn'd with jewels. The present is gallant, says *Mangogul*: what I esteem most in it, added the favorite, is the portrait. What eyes! what a mouth! what a neck! But is not all this heightened? So little, madam, replied *Selim*, that *Oropeza* would probably have fixed me at *Madrid*, if her husband, informed of our commerce, had not disturbed it by his threats. I loved *Oropeza*, but I loved life better still. Besides, my governor was not of opinion, that I should expose myself to be poniarded by the husband, for the sake of enjoying

his

his wife fome few months more. Wherefore I wrote to the fair *Spanish Donna* a very moving farewel letter, which I ftole out of fome romance of that country, and fet out for *France*.

The monarch, who then reigned in *France*, was the king of *Spain's* grandfather, and his court was juftly efteemed the moft magnificent, moft polite, and moft gallant in *Europe*. I appeared there as a phænomenon. "A young lord of *Congo*, fays a "beautiful marquife. That muft be "furely very diverting: thofe men "are better then ours. I think *Congo* "is not far from *Morocco*." Suppers were given, to which I was invited. Let my difcourfe have ever fo little fenfe in it, it was found fine, admirable: people retracted, who had at firft done me the honour to fufpect that I had not common fenfe. "He "is a charming man, fays another court

"lady

" lady briſkly: it would be murther to " ſuffer ſo pretty a figure to return into " a wretched country, where the wo- " men are narrowly watched by men " who are no longer ſo. Is it true, " ſir? 'Tis ſaid, that they have no- " thing. That is very unſeemly in a " man." ——— But, adds another, we muſt keep this great boy here, (for he is well born) tho' he were only made a knight of *Malta*. I engage, if you will, to procure him an employment; and the dutcheſs *Victoria*, my old friend, will ſpeak to the king in his favor, if it be requiſite.

I ſoon had indubitable proofs of their good-will, and I put the marquiſe into a condition of pronouncing on the merit of the inhabitants of *Morocco* and *Congo*. I found that the employment, which the dutcheſs and her friend had promiſed me, was difficult to execute, and therefore gave

it up. It was in this recess that I learned to form those noble passions of twenty-four hours. I circulated during six months in a vortex, where the beginning of an adventure did not wait for the end of another; because enjoyment was the only thing intended. Or if that was slow in coming, or as soon as it was obtained, we ran upon the scent of new pleasures. What do you tell me, *Selim*, interrupted the favorite? Decency is then unknown in those countries? Pardon me, madam, replied the old courtier. They have scarcely any other word in their mouths. But the *French* women are no more slaves to the thing than their neighbors. What neighbors, says *Mirzoza*? The *English* women, replied *Selim*, who are cold and scornful in appearance, but passionate, voluptuous, vindictive;

leſs witty and more rational than the *French* women. Theſe love the jargon of ſentiment, thoſe prefer the expreſſion of pleaſure. But at *London* as at *Paris*, people love, ſeparate, rejoin to ſeparate again. From the daughter of a lord biſhop (theſe are a ſort of *Bramins* who do not keep celibacy) I paſſed to a baronet's wife. While he was warmly ſupporting the intereſt of the nation in the houſe of commons, againſt the attempts of the court ; his wife and I had quite different debates in his houſe. But the ſeſſion was cloſed, and madam was obliged to attend her knight to his manor. I then light upon a colonel's wife, whoſe regiment was quartered along the ſea-coaſt: I afterwards belong'd to the lady mayoreſs. Ah, what a woman! I ſhould never have have ſeen *Congo* again, if the prudence of my governor,

vernor, who saw me wasting away, had not redeemed me from this gally. He counterfeited letters from my family, which recalled me with all possible expedition, and we embarked for *Holland*: our design was to travel through *Germany* into *Italy*, where we expected frequent opportunities of vessels to carry us to *Afric*.

We saw *Holland* only in riding post: and did not tarry much longer in *Germany*. All the women of rank there resemble important citadels, which must be besieged in form. They are to be reduced, but the approaches require so many measures, there are so many *ifs* and *buts*, when the articles of capitulation are to be settled, that those conquests soon tired me.

I shall never forget the expression of a *German* lady of the first quality, on the subject of granting me what

she

she had not refused to several others. Alas! cried she mournfully, what would my father the great *Alkizi* say, if he knew that I abandon myself to such a low creature as a *Congese*. He shall say nothing, madam, replied I: so much grandeur affrights me, and I withdraw. It was wisely done of me; for if my mediocrity had compromised with her highness, I might have repented it. *Brama*, who protects the wholesome climes, which we inhabit, inspired me without doubt in this critical moment.

The *Italian* ladies, whom we frequented afterwards, are not mounted on so high a pin. It was with them that I learned the modes of pleasure. There is indeed much caprice and whim in those refinements; but you will pardon me, ladies, if I say, that sometimes there is no pleasing you

without

without them. From *Venice* and *Rome* I brought ſome merry receipts before my time unknown in our barbarous country. But I reſtore all the glory of them to the *Italian* women, who communicated them to me.

I ſpent about four years in *Europe*, and returned through *Egypt* into this empire, modelled as you ſee, and ſtock'd with the rare ſecrets of *Italy*, which I ſoon divulged.

Here, ſays the *African* author, *Selim* perceiving that the common place language, which he held to the favorite on his adventures in *Europe*, and on the characters of the women of the countries through which he paſſed, had plunged *Mangogul* into a deep ſleep, was afraid of awaking him; and therefore drew near to the favorite, and continued in a lower voice.

Madam, ſaid he, were I not apprehenſive that I have tired you by a

narrative, which has perhaps been already too long; I would relate you the adventure, by which I commenced my operations on my arrival at *Paris*: I cannot think how it has escaped me.

Tell it, my good friend, answered the favorite; I will double my attention, and make amends, as much as I am able, for the Sultan's inattention, who sleeps.

At *Madrid*, continued *Selim*, we had taken recommendations for some lords of the court of *France*, and at our setting foot in *Paris* we found ourselves loaded with protestations of friendship. It was then the pleasant season of the year, and in the evenings my governor and I went to walk in the gardens of the *Palais Royal*. One day we were joined there by some *Petits Maitres*, who shewed us the most celebrated beauties, and gave us their history, true, or false,

not

not forgetting themſelves on every occaſion, as you may well imagine. The garden was already ſtock'd by a great number of women; but there arrived a conſiderable reinforcement about eight o'clock. By the quantity of their jewels, the magnificence of their dreſs, and the crowd of their attendants, I took them for dutcheſſes at leaſt. I ſpoke my thoughts to one of the young lords of the company, whoſe anſwer was, that he found I was a connoiſſeur; and if I was inclined, I ſhould have the pleaſure of ſupping that very night with ſome of the moſt lovely of them. I accepted his offer, and in an inſtant he ſlipt a word into the ears of two or three of his friends, who diſperſed themſelves into different parts of the walks, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour returned to give us an account of their negotiation. Gentlemen, ſaid they

to us, you are expected this night to ſupper at the dutcheſs *Aſteria*'s. Thoſe who were not of the party, congratulated us on our good fortune: and after ſome turns in the gardens, they left us, and we went into our coach, in order to reap the benefit of it.

We alight at a little door, at the foot of a very narrow pair of ſtairs, where we climbed up to a ſecond floor; and I found the appartments more ſpacious and better furniſhed than they would appear to me at preſent. I was preſented to the miſtreſs of the houſe, to whom I made one of the moſt profound reverences, which I accompanied with ſo reſpectuous a compliment, that ſhe was almoſt unhinged. Supper was ſerved up, and I was ſeated next to a little charming perſon, who fell to acting the dutcheſs to admiration. Truly I

can't

can't tell how I dared to fall in love with her : but ſo it was.

Then you have loved once in your life, interrupted the favorite. Oh! yes, madam, replied *Selim*, as people love at eighteen years of age, with extreme impatience to conclude an affair juſt broach'd. I had not a wink of ſleep all that night, and at dawn of day I ſet about compoſing a moſt gallant letter to my *Belle*. I ſent it, received an anſwer, and obtained a meeting. Neither the ſtyle of the anſwer, nor the yielding temper of the lady, did undeceive me; and I flew to the place of aſſignation, ſtrongly perſwaded that I was going to enjoy the wife or daughter of a prime miniſter. My goddeſs was waiting for me on a grand couch : I threw myſelf at her feet, took her hand, kiſſed it with uncommon eagerneſs, and felicitated myſelf on the favor

which she condescended to grant me. "Is it true, said I, that you permit "*Selim* to love you, and to tell you "so; and that he may, without "offending you, flatter himself with "the sweetest hope?" On ending these words, I snatch'd a kiss from her neck; and as she was recumbent, I was preparing to support the attack with vigor, when she stop'd me, and said: "Hold, my friend, you are a "pretty lad, you have wit at will, "you talk like an angel; but I must "have four *Louis d'or's.* What do "you say, interrupted I."——I tell you, replied she, there is nothing to be done, if you have not brought four *Louis*——How, miss, said I quite amazed, is that your full value? It was well worth my while, to be sure, to come from *Congo* for such a trifle. And in a moment I put myself

in

in order, hurried down ſtairs, and left her.

I began, madam, as you ſee, to miſtake actreſſes for princeſſes. I am quite aſtoniſhed at it, replied *Mirzoza*, ſurely the difference is very great. I doubt not, ſaid *Selim*, but they were guilty of a hundred impertinences. But what then? A young man, and a ſtranger too, is not ſo nice an obſerver. And I had heard ſo many bad ſtories in *Congo*, on the liberties taken by the *European* women.——

Here *Mangogul* awak'd, and yawning and rubbing his eyes, ſaid: By the L——d, he is ſtill at *Paris*. Might one aſk you, good Mr. Story-teller, when you expect to be return'd to *Banza*, and how long I am doom'd to ſleep: for 'tis proper you ſhould know, my friend, that it is not poſſible to broach an account of

travels without throwing me into yawnings. It is a bad habit, which I contracted in reading *Tavernier* and other travellers.

Prince, anſwered *Selim*, it is above an hour ſince I am come back to *Banza*.

I congratulate you thereupon, replied the Sultan; and then turning to the Sultana, madam, ſaid he, the hour appointed for the maſquerade is come: we will ſet out, if the fatigue of the journey permits you.

Prince, anſwered *Mirzoza*, I am ready. *Mangogul* and *Selim* ſlipt on their Domino's, and the favorite took hers likewiſe: the Sultan handed her to the ball-room where they ſeparated, in order to mix in the crowd. *Selim* followed them, and ſo did I, ſays the *African* author; tho' I had a ſtronger inclination to take a nap than to ſee the dancing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth trial of the ring.

Masquerade, and sequel of the masquerade.

THE most extravagant Toys of *Banza* did not fail flocking whither pleasure called them. Some came in city-coaches, some in public vehicles, and some few on foot. I should never finish, says the *African* author, whose trainbearer I have the honour to be, if I enter'd into a detail of the tricks which *Mangogul* play'd on them. He gave more exercise to his ring that night alone, than it ever had had, since the Genius presented him with it. He turn'd it sometimes

on one, sometimes on another, and frequently on twenty together; and then it was, that the noise they made was ravishing: One cried out with a squeaking voice, Violins, pray give us *le Carillon de Dunkerque*; another in a hoarse voice, I will have the *Sautriots*; and I the *Tricotets*, said a third: and a multitude at once call'd for old country-dances, such as *la Bourée, les quatre faces, la Calotine, la Chaine, le Pistolet, la Mariée, le Pistolet, le Pistolet, le Pistolet.* All these cries were interlarded with a million of extravagances. On one side was heard: *Plague take the noodle, let him be sent to school.* On another, *Must I return then without my earnest?* Here, *who pays my coach?* There, *he has slipt away from me, but I'll hunt him till I find him.* And again, *till to-morrow; but twenty Louis's at least, or there's nothing to be done.* And every

every where in ſhort, ſpeeches, which expreſſed deſires or exploits.

In the crowd, a citizen's daughter, young and pretty, ſingled out *Mangogul*, purſued him, and provoked him ſo, that he turn'd his ring on her. Then was her Toy heard to cry out: "Why do you fly me? Stop, charming maſk, be not inſenſible to the ardor of a Toy, which burns for you". The Sultan ſhock'd at this raſh declaration, was determined to puniſh the forward creature. He diſappear'd, and ſought among his guards ſome one who was pretty much of his make, gave him his maſk and Domino, and abandoned him to the purſuits of the little female cit; who being ſtill deceived by appearances, continued to ſay a thouſand ridiculous things to him, whom ſhe took for *Mangogul*.

The ſham Sultan was no fool, he was one of thoſe who could talk by ſigns: he made one, which drew the *Belle* into a loneſome place, where, for above an hour, ſhe imagined herſelf the favorite Sultana, and God knows what mighty projects were working in her brain. But the enchantment laſted not long. After ſhe had ſurfeited the pretended Sultan with careſſes, ſhe pray'd him to unmaſk; which he did, and ſhewed a phyſiognomy armed with a large pair of whiſkers, which did not belong to *Mangogul*. "Oh! fy, cried the little "wench, fie — Fell mine little Shoul, "anſwered the *Swiſs*, fat you ail? "Me tought mee done you kood ſer-"vices enof, dat you no be angry at "nowing mee". But his goddeſs, without anſwering him, ſlipt nimbly thro' his hands, and was loſt in the crowd.

But

But even ſuch of the Toys as did not aſpire to ſo great honours, did not fail of lighting on pleaſure: and they all took the road back to *Banza*, thoroughly ſatisfied with their journey.

As the company was withdrawing, *Mangogul* overheard two of his principal officers at high words. " She " is my miſtreſs, ſays one, I have " kept her theſe twelve months, and " you are the firſt who has taken it " into his head to tread on my heels. " Why do you make me uneaſy? " *Naſſes*, my friend, apply elſewhere: " you will find a hundred lovely wo- " men, who will think themſelves " too happy to poſſeſs you". I love *Amina*, replied *Naſſes*. I ſee none but her, who takes my fancy. She has given me hopes, and you will give me leave to purſue them. " Hopes, replied *Alibeg*!———Yes,

" hopes

hopes——"Zounds, that is not"——I tell you, Sir, that it is, and I expect satisfaction this moment for the lye you give me. Down they went immediately into the court yard; their scymeters were already drawn, and they were on the point of ending their dispute in a tragical manner, when the Sultan stop'd them, and forbid them to fight, before they had consulted their *Helena*.

They obey'd, and went to *Aminta*'s house, and *Mangogul* close after them. "The ball has quite spent "me, said she: my eyes are drop-"ping out of my head. You are "very cruel folks, to come the mo-"ment I was ready to get into bed: "but both of ye look very oddly. "May I be informed what brings ye "hither"?——A trifle, replied *Atibeg*. This gentleman boasts, and even loftily, added he, shewing his friend,

friend, that you give him hopes. Madam, how ſtands this matter?—*Amina* was opening her mouth, but the Sultan turning his ring that very inſtant, ſhe cloſed it, and her Toy anſwered for her——"In my opi-"nion *Naſſes* is miſtaken: no, it is "not he that madam chooſes. Has "he not a luſty footman who is a bet-"ter man? Oh! how fooliſh theſe men "are in imagining that dignities, ho-"nours, titles, names, words void "of meaning, impoſe on Toys. "Every one has his own philoſophy, "and ours conſiſts in diſtinguiſhing "perſonal merit, true merit, from "that which is but imaginary. With "Monſieur *de Claville's* leave, he "knows leſs of that ſubject than we; "which I will prove.

"You are both acquainted, con-"tinued the Toy, with the mar-"chioneſs *Bibicoſa*. You know her

" amours with *Cleandor*, as alſo her " diſgrace, and the high devotion ſhe " profeſſes at this day. *Amina* is a " good friend; ſhe has conſtantly " kept up her former intimacy with " *Bibicoſa*, and has not ceaſed fre- " quenting her houſe, where all ſorts " of *Bramins* are met with. On a " certain day one of theſe preſſed my " miſtreſs to ſpeak to *Bibicoſa* in his " favor. Pray, what would you have " me aſk of her, replied *Amina?* " She is a drowned woman, who can " do nothing for herſelf. To be " ſure, ſhe will be much obliged to " you for treating her ſtill as a per- " ſon of conſequence. Believe me, " my friend, prince *Cleandor* and " *Mangogul* will never do any thing " for her, and you may freeze in the " anti-chambers.——" But, ma- " dam, replied the *Bramin*, the affair " is but a trifle, which entirely de-

" pends

" pends on the marchioneſs: and this
" it is. She has built a little chap-
" pel in her houſe, doubtleſs for the
" *Sala*, which ſuppoſes an *Iman*:
" and 'tis this place which I aſk——
" What ſay you, ſays *Amina?* An
" *Iman*: you don't conſider: the
" marchioneſs wants only a *Marabou*,
" whom ſhe will call from time to
" time, when it rains, or when ſhe
" chooſes to have the *Sala*, before
" ſhe goes to bed: but an *Iman* lodged,
" cloathed, dieted in her houſe, with
" a ſalary, does not ſuit *Bibicoſa*. I
" know her affairs. The poor wo-
" man has not ſix thouſand *Zecchins* a
" year, and you expect her to give
" two thouſand of it to an *Iman*.
" Surely this is a ſtrange fancy.——
" By *Brama*, replied the holy man,
" I am ſorry for it: for if I had once
" got to be her *Iman*, I ſhould ſoon
" become more neceſſary to her; and
" when

" when one is got thus far, it r
" gold and pensions. Howsoev
" may appear to you, I am of *M*
" *motapa*, and do my duty extre
" ly well.——Upon second thoug
" answered *Amina*, with panting
" terruptions, your affair is not
" haps impossible. Pity it is,
" the merit you speak of is
" known.——One runs no ri
" in doing good offices to person
" my country, replied the Mono
" tapan, pray behold. ——
" forthwith gave *Amina* a comp
" proof of such surprising
" that from that moment you lost
" her eyes half the value she put
" you. Well! long live the *M*
" *motapans*".

Alibeg and *Nasses* made long fa
and look'd on each other without
tering a word: but when they had
covered from their astonishment, t

mutually embraced; and casting disdainful looks on *Amina*, they ran to prostrate themselves at the Sultan's feet, and thank him for having undeceived them with regard to this woman, and preserved their lives and reciprocal friendship. They arrived just as *Mangogul*, return'd to the favorite, was relating *Amina*'s history to her. It made *Mirzoza* laugh, but did not augment her esteem for the court ladies and the *Bramins*.

CHAP. XIII.

Selim *at* Banza.

FROM the masquerade *Mangogul* went immediately to take rest; but the favorite finding that she had no inclination to sleep, sent for *Selim*, and pressed him to continue the history

ſtory of his amours. *Selim* obeyed, and reſumed the diſcourſe in theſe terms.

Madam, galantry did not fill up all my time: I ſnatched ſome moments from pleaſure, which I beſtowed on ſerious occupations; and the intrigues in which I was embarked, did not prevent my learning fortification, riding, fencing, muſic and dancing; obſerving the cuſtoms and arts of the *Europeans*, and ſtudying their politicks and military art. On my return to *Congo*, I was preſented to the Emperor, grandfather to the Sultan, who granted me an honourable poſt in his troops; and I ſoon was made one of all the parties of the prince *Erguebzed*, and conſequently concerned in the adventures of pretty women. I was acquainted with ſome of all nations, ages, and conditions, and found very few cruel; whether

whether it was that my rank dazzled them, that my prattle pleafed them, or my perfon ftruck them. At that time I had two qualities, with which a rapid progrefs is made in love-affairs; affurance and prefumption.

At firft I dealt among the women of quality. I took them in the evening in the circle, or at play at the *Manimonbanda's*: I paffed the night with them, and we hardly knew each other in the morning. One of the occupations of thefe ladies, is to procure lovers, nay, to decoy them away from their beft female friends; and the other, to get rid of them. Thro' apprehenfions of ever being unprovided, while they are enjoying the fweets of one intrigue, they fquint at two or three others. They poffefs a number of little arts to attract the man they have in view, and a thoufand tricks in referve, to

dif-

disengage themselves from their present spark. This has always been, and always will be. I shall name nobody; but I knew every woman of *Erguebzed*'s court, who had any reputation for youth and beauty; and all these engagements were formed, broken off, resumed, forgot in less than six months.

Disgusted with that world, I passed into its antipodes. I visited the citizen's wives, whom I found dissembling, vain of their beauty, perched on the pinacle of honour, and almost constantly beset with savage brutal husbands, or certain splaw-footed cousins, who acted the passionate lovers with their female cousins from morning till night, and were very disagreeable to me. It was impossible to be alone with these women one moment. Those animals broke in upon

upon us perpetually, difconcerted a rendezvous ; and thruft themfelves into all our converfations. Thefe obftacles notwithftanding, I brought five or fix of thefe prattling creatures to my intended point, before I finifhed with any one of them. What diverted me much in their commerce, was, that they piqued themfelves on delicacy of fentiments, and I muft value myfelf on the fame ; and they talk'd on that fubject eno' to make one die with laughing. Befides, they required affiduity of attendance ; and in their dialect I was continually deficient in this point. They preached fuch correct love, that there was a neceffity of renouncing it. But the worft of all was, that they had your name eternally in their mouths, and that fometimes one was obliged to appear in public with them, and incur all the ridicule of a city adventure.

Where-

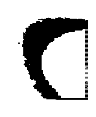
Wherefore on a fine ſummer's day I bid adieu to their ſhops and the whole *rue St. Denis* for ever.

People had then the madneſs of keeping private lodges. I hired one in the eaſtern ſuburb, and there ſucceſſively had ſome of thoſe girls who are ſeen and not ſeen ; to whom one ſpeaks, and ſays not a word ; and whom we diſcard, when tired of them. I frequently muſtered a ſet of friends and opera actreſſes together, and gave little ſuppers, which prince *Ergueb-zed* now and then honoured with his preſence. Ah! madam, I had delicious wines, exquiſite cordials, and the beſt cook in *Congo*.

But nothing gave me ſo great amuſement as an enterprize which I executed in a province remote from the capital, where my regiment was in quarters. I ſet out from *Banza* to review

review it; and as that was my only bufinefs, I fhould have been quickly back, were it not for the extravagant project to which I devoted myfelf. At *Baruthi* there was a monaftery of very beautiful nuns. I was young and beardlefs; and I contrived how to get admiffion under the difguife of a widow, who fought an afylum againft the dangers of the age. I ordered womens cloaths to be made for me, then dreffed myfelf, and went to offer myfelf at the grate of thofe reclufes. I met with a very tender reception: they comforted me for the lofs of my hufband; the price of my board was agreed on, and in I went.

The appartment appointed me had a communication with the dormitory of the novices. They were very numerous, moft of them young, and of a furprifing bloom. I was extremely polite to them, and foon be-



came their bosom friend. In less than eight days I was let into all the interests of the little republic, informed of the several characters, and instructed in their secret history: I received confidences of all colours, and found that detraction and calumny are not better managed by us profane mortals. I observed their rules with severity, catch'd the wheedling air and smooth canting tone: and they whispered to each other, that the community would be happy, if I took the habit.

No sooner had I thought my reputation established in the house, but I fixed upon a young virgin, who had just taken the first veil. She was an addrable nut brown girl: she called me her mamma, and I called her my little angel. She gave me innocent kisses, and I returned very tender ones. Youth is curious: *Zirziphile* put me daily on the subject of matrimony,

trimony, and the pleaſure of huſbands, and deſired me to inform her: I artfully whetted her curioſity; and from queſtion to queſtion I led her to the practice of the leſſons which I gave her. She was not the only novice that I inſtructed; and ſome young nuns came likewiſe to be edified in my cell. I managed the hours and meetings ſo dexterouſly, that no one interfered with another. In fine, madam, what ſhall I tell you? The pious widow made a numerous progeny. But when the ſcandal, which cauſed many a ſecret ſigh, broke out, and a council of diſcreet matrons met, and ſent for the phyſician of the convent; I meditated my retreat. Wherefore in the dead of the night, when the whole houſe was aſleep, I ſcaled the garden-wall, and diſappeared. I went to the waters of *Piombino*, whither the phyſician had

ſent half the convent; and there, in the habit of a cavalier, I finiſhed the work, which I had begun under that of a widow. This, madam, is a fact which the whole empire remembers, and of which you alone know the author.

The reſt of my youth, added *Selim*, was ſpent in the like amuſements, always women, and of all ſorts, ſeldom any myſtery, a number of oaths, and no ſincerity. But at this rate, ſays the favorite, you have never been really in love? Pſha! replied *Selim*, I thought much of love at that time: I aim'd at pleaſure only, and at thoſe women who were moſt likely to afford it me—— But, interrupted the favorite, is there any pleaſure without loving? What can it be, when the heart ſays nothing? Alas! madam, rejoined

Selim,

Selim, is it the heart that ſpeaks at the age of eighteen or twenty ?

But in fine, what is the reſult of all thoſe experiments? What have you pronounced on women ?

That moſt women have no character at all, ſays *Selim*. That they are moſt powerfully influenced by three things, intereſt, pleaſure and vanity ; that perhaps there is not one of them who is not governed by one of theſe paſſions ; and that thoſe who join all the three together, are monſters.

As for pleaſure, that I can allow them, ſaid *Mangogul*, who had juſt then joined the company : though little dependance can be had on this ſort of women, yet they are to be excuſed. When the conſtitution is wound up to a certain pitch, it is an unruly horſe, which carries his rider over hedges and ditches ; and moſt

women are mounted aſtride on that beaſt. 'Tis probably for that reaſon, ſays *Selim*, that the dutcheſs *Menega* calls the Chevalier *Kaidar* her maſter of the horſe.

But is it poſſible, ſays the Sultana to *Selim*, that you have not had the leaſt adventure, in which the heart was concerned. Will your ſincerity tend only to diſhonour a ſex which conſtituted your pleaſures, if you were their darling. What! in ſo great a number of women, not one that deſired, and even deſerved to be beloved ; that is not to be conceived.

Ah! madam, replied *Selim*, I feel, by the readineſs with which I obey you, that years have not weakened the empire of a lovely woman over my heart. Yes, madam, I have loved like other folks. You deſire to know all ; I am going to tell all, and

you

you will judge if I have performed a lover's part in all the forms.

Are there any travels in this part of your hiſtory, ſays the Sultan? No, prince, replied *Selim*. So much the better, ſays *Mangogul*, for I find no propenſity to ſleep.

For my part, rejoined the favorite, *Selim* will allow me to take a little reſt.

Let him go to bed likewiſe, ſays the Sultan; and while ye both are repoſing, I will interrogate *Cypria*.

But, prince, anſwered *Mirzoza*, your highneſs does not reflect, that that Toy will lead you into a ſtring of voyages without end.

The *African* author informs us in this place, that the Sultan, ſtruck with *Mirzoza*'s obſervation, took care to provide a moſt powerful antihypnotic. He adds, that *Mangogul*'s phyſician,

being his intimate friend, had given him the prefcription, and that he had put it in to the preface of his book: but of that preface there remains no more than the three laft lines, which are as follow.

Take of - - - - - - - -
of - - - - - - - -
of - - - - - - - -
of *Mariamne*, and the *Payfan Par* - - - four pages.
of the *Egaremens du Cœur*, one fheet.
of the *Confeffions*, twenty five lines and a half.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Twenty-sixth trial of the Ring.

The Rambling Toy.

WHILE the favorite and *Selim* were reposing after the fatigues of the preceding day, *Mangogul* was viewing with astonishment the magnificent appartments of *Cypria*. This woman had, by means of her Toy, made a fortune equal to that of a general farmer of the revenue. After having been through a long row of chambers, each surpassing the other in richness and elegance of furniture, he came to the great salon; where, in the midst of a numerous circle, he distinguished the mistress of the house by the enormous quantity of jewels, which disfigured her; and

her hufband, by the good-manfhip painted on his countenance. Two *Abbés*, a wit, and three academicians of *Banza*, were pofted at the fides of *Cypria's* eafy chair; and towards the end of the falon fluttered about two *Petits-Maitres*, and a young magiftrate full of airs, blowing on his ruffles, inceffantly adjufting his peruke, vifiting his mouth, and complimenting himfelf in the glafs that his paint held on fo well. Except thefe three butterflies, all the company was in profound veneration for the honorable mummy, who was feated in an indecent pofture, yawned, fpoke while fhe yawned, judged of every thing, judged ill of every thing, and was never contradicted. "How, faid *Mangogul* within him- "felf, who had not talked alone of a "long time, and was chagrined at it; "how came fhe to have it in her

"power

" power to diſhonor a man of a
" good family, with ſo wrong a turn
" of mind, and ſuch a figure as ſhe
" makes ?" *Cypria* would fain paſs for fair; tho' her ſkin, tawney ſtriped with red, had a good reſemblance with a variegated Tulip. With large eyes, ſhe was ſhort-ſighted; ſhe was of a ſquat ſhape, crowded features, with a long ſlender noſe, a flat mouth, hollow cheeks, and a narrow forehead; no neck, a dry hand, and ſkinny arm. With thoſe charms it was, that ſhe inchanted her huſband. The Sultan turn'd his ring on her, and inſtantly ſhe began to open. The company were deceived, thinking that *Cypria* ſpoke from her mouth, and that ſhe was going to paſs judgment: whereas her Toy began in theſe words.

The hiſtory of my travels. I

was born in *Morocco*, in the ·
1700000012; and I danced on
ſtage of the opera, when *Meh*
Tripathoud, who kept me, was na
ambaſſador extraordinary from
potent emperor to the monarch
France. I followed him in this
baſſy. The charms of the *Fr*
women ſoon robbed me of my lo
and I ſpeedily made repriſals.
courtiers greedy of novelty, w
needs try *Maroquine*: for thus
nick-named my miſtreſs. She tre
them with great humanity; and
affability in ſix months brought he
twenty thouſand crowns in jewels
much more in caſh, and a neat
furniſhed houſe. But the *French*
fickle, and I ſoon ceaſed to be
faſhion. I did not miſpend my t
in galloping about the provin
great talents require vaſt theatre
ſuffered *Tripathoud* to return wit

n

me; and I devoted myself to the metropolis of another kingdom.

Un my lord tres opulent, qui voyageoit en France, m'entraina a Londre. Oui, c'etoit la vraiment un homme. Il m'arrosoit six fois par jour, et six autres fois par nuit. Son v—t lancoit des dards de feu, comme la queue d'une Comete. Jamais n'ai-je ressenti des bottes si vives et si bien appliquées. Mais il n'etoit pas possible à la prouesse humaine de continuer ce train long tems: aussi se rallentit-il peu à peu, et je recus son ame distillée par son *Penis*. Il me fit present de cinquante mil guinées. A ce noble Seigneur succederent deux armateurs nouvellement revenus de course. Comme ils etoient amis intimes, ils me chevauchoient, comme ils avoient voyagés, en compagnie, chacun faisant tous ses efforts pour surpasser l'autre en vigeur et en feu. Pendant

que

que l'un etoit à la rade, je remorqueois l'autre par son v—t, et je le preparois à une nouvelle attaque. Par un calcul tres moderé je contai cent quatre-vingt coups de balles, que je recus en huit jours. Mais je m'ennuiai bientot de tenir un compte si exacte : car leurs bordées ne finissoient pas. Ils me payerent douze mil guinées pour ma part des captures qu'ils avoient faites. Dés que l'hiver fut passé, ils furent contraints de mettre à la voile ; et ils auroient bien voulu m'engager en qualité d'Allege : mais j'avois deja fait contract avec un Comte Allemand.

Duxit me Viennam in Austria patriam suam, ubi venereâ voluptate, quantâ maximâ poteram, ingurgitatus sum, per menses tres integros ejus splendidè nimis epulatus hospes. Illi, rugosi et contracti Lotharingo more colei, et eo usque longa crassaque mentula,

mentulâ, ut dimidiam nondum acciperem, quamvis iterato coitu fractus rictus mihi miserè pateret. Immanem aſt uſu frequenti vagina tandem admiſit laxè gladium; novaſque excogitavimus artes, quibus fututionum quotidianarum vinceremus faſtidium. Modò me reſupinum agitabat; modò ipſum, eques adhærefcens inguinibus, motu quaſi tolutario verſabam. Sæpe turgentem ſpumantemque admovit ori priapum, ſimulque appreſſis ad labia labiis, fellatrice me linguâ perfricuit. Etſi veneri nunquam indulgebat poſticæ, à tergo me tamen adorſus, cruribus altero ſublato, altero depreſſo, inter femora ſubibat, voluptaria quærens per impedimenta tranſire. Amatoria Sanchesii præcepta calluit ad unguem, et feſtivas Aretini tabulas ſic expreſſit, ut nemo melius. His a me laudibus acceptis, multis

multis florenorum millibus mea ſolvit obſequia, et Romam ſeceſſi.

Quella Citta è il tempio de Venere, ed il ſoggiorno delle delizie. Tuttavia mi diſpiaceva, que le natiche leggiadre foſſero là encora più feſteggiate delle più belle potte; quello che provai il terno giorno del mio arrivo in quel paeſe. Una Cortigiana illuſtre ſi offeriſce a farmi guadagnare mila ſcudi, s'io voleva paſſar la ſera con eſſo lei in una vigna. Accettai l'invito; ſalimmo in una carozza, e giungemmo in un luogo da lei ben conoſciuto, nel quale due cavaliere colle bragheneſſe roſſe ſi fecero incontro à noi, e ci conduſſero in un boſchetto ſpeſſo e folto, dove cavatoſi ſubito le veſti, vedemmo i più furioſi cazzi che riſaltero mai. Ogn'uno chiavò la ſua. Il traſtullo poi ſi preſe à quadrille, dopo per farſi guattare in bocca, poſcia nelle tette; alla per-

persine, uno de chiavatori impadronissi del mio rivale, mentre l'altro mi lavorava. L'istesso fu fatto alla conduttrice mia; e ciò tutto dolcemente condito di bacci alla fiorentina. E quando i campioni nostri ebbero posto fine alla battaglia, facemmo la fricarella per risvegliar il gusto a quei benedetti Signori, i quali ci pagarono con generosità. In più volte simili guadagnai con loro sessanta mila scudi; e due altre volte tanto, con colloro che mi proccurava la Cortigiana. Mi ricordo di uno che visitava mi spesso, e che sborrava sempre due volte senza cavarlo; e d'un altro il quale usciva da me pian piano, per entrare sotilmente nel mio vicino; e per questo bastava fare sù e giù le natiche. Ecco una uzanza curiosa che si prattica in Italia.

Cypria's Toy continued her history in a strain half *Congese* and half *Spanish*.

nish. In all probability it was not a sufficient master of the latter language, to employ it alone. A language is not learnt, says the *African* author, who would sooner hang himself, than miss a common observation, without talking it much: and *Cypria's* Toy had little or no time to talk at *Madrid*.

I fled from *Italy*, said the Toy, notwithstanding some secret desires that called me back, influxo malo del clima! y tuve luego la resolucion de ir me a una tierra donde pudiesse gozar mis fueros, sin partir los con un usurpador. I travelled into old *Castille*, where I was brought back to my simple functions: but this did not gratify my revenge. Le impose la tarea de batter el compas en los bayles che celebrava de dia y de noche; and he performed so well, that we were reconciled. We ap-

pear'd

pear'd at the court of *Madrid* as good friends. Al entrar de la ciudad, I link'd con un Pape venerable por ſus canas: happily for me: for he had compaſſion for my youth, and gave me a ſecret, the fruit of ſixty years experience, para guardar me del mal de que merecieron los Franceſes ſer padrinos, por haver ſido ſus primeros pregones. With this receipt, and a reliſh for cleanlineſs, which I vainly endeavoured to introduce in *Spain*, I preſerved myſelf from all accidents at *Madrid*, where my vanity alone was mortified. My miſtreſs, you know, has a very little foot. Eſta prenda es el incentivo mas poderoſo de una imaginacion Caſtellana. A little foot, ſerves for a paſport at *Madrid* to a girl, que tiene la mas dilatada ſima entre las piernas. I reſolved to quit a country, where I owed the greateſt part of my triumphs to a

fo-

foreign merit; y me arrime
finidor muy virtuoſo que paſſa
Indias. Under the wings of
verence I ſaw the land of
that country where the happy
without ſcandal carries gold
purſe, a ponyard under his
and his miſtreſs behind him
delightful a life is ſpent there
nights! Gods, what nights
de mi! al recordarme de tanto
me méo —— Algo mas ——
ya ———Pierdo il ſentido—
muero———

After ſpending a year at
and in *America*, I embarked
ſtantinople. There I could n
the cuſtoms of a people, b
Toys are lock'd up; and I ſo
ted a country, in which my
was in danger. However, I
ſufficiently with the Muſſulm
perceive that they are much i

by their commerce with the *Europeans*: and I found in them the levity of the *French*, the ardor of the *English*, the strength of the *Germans*, the longanimity of the *Spaniards*, together with strong tinctures of the *Italian* refinements: in a word, a single Aga is worth a cardinal, four dukes, a lord, three grandees of *Spain*, and two *German* princes.

From *Constantinople* I came, as you know, gentlemen, to the court of the great *Erguebzed*, where I formed the most amiable of our nobility: and when at length I became good for nought, I threw myself on that odd figure there, says the Toy, singling out *Cypria*'s husband by a certain familiar gesture. Gods, what a fall!

The *African* author closes this chapter with an advertisement to the ladies, who might be tempted to order a translation of those parts of the nar-

the narrative, where *Cypria's* Toy expressed itself in foreign languages. "I "should be wanting, says he, to the "duty of an historian, by suppressing "them; and to the respect which I "bear the sex, by preserving them in "my work; without acquainting "virtuous ladies, that *Cypria*'s Toy "had excessively spoil'd its speech in "travelling, and that its narratives "are infinitely more free than any of "the clandestine lectures which it "ever made".



CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

CYPRIA.

MAngogul return'd to the favorite, where *Selim* was come before m. Well, prince, said *Mirzoza*, is the account of *Cypria*'s travels one you any good? Neither good nor arm, answered the Sultan: I underood it not. Why so, replied the vorite? Because, says the Sultan, er-Toy speaks like a Polyglot, all nguages but mine. It is an impernent. Story-teller, but would make n excellent interpreter. What! relied *Mirzaza*, did you gather nothing t all from her narrative? But one ing, madam, answered *Mangogul*, nd that is, that travelling is more per-

pernicious, if poſſible, to the modeſty of the women, than to the religion of the men; and that there is very little merit in knowing many languages. For one may be maſter of *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and the language of *Congo*, and yet have no more ſenſe than a Toy. Is this your opinion, madam? and what is *Selim*'s? Now let him begin his ſtory: but above all, no more travels. They fatigue me to death. *Selim* promiſed the Sultan, that the ſcene ſhould be confined to one place, and ſpoke thus.

I was about thirty years of age when I loſt my father: I married to keep up my family, and I lived with my wife as becomes a huſband; regards, attentions, politeneſs, decent behavior without much familiarity. The prince *Erguebzed* came to the throne. I had been in his good graces long

i before

before his reign : he continued me in them to his death, and I endeavour'd to do juſtice to this mark of diſtinction by my zeal and fidelity. The place of inſpector general of his armies became vacant : I obtained it, and this poſt obliged me to take frequent journies to the frontiers.

Frequent journies, cried the *Sultan?* A ſingle one is ſufficient to make me ſleep till to morrow. Think of that,

Prince, continued *Selim*, it was in one of theſe tours that I became acquainted with the wife of a colonel of the Spahi's, whoſe name was *Oſtaluk*, a man of bravery, and a good officer, but by no means an agreeable huſband, jealous as a tyger, and his perſon was a ſufficient warrant to juſtify that madneſs : for he was horribly ugly.

He had lately efpoufed *Cydalifa*, young, lively, handfome; one of thofe uncommon women, for whom, at the firft interview, one feels fomewhat more than politenefs, from whom one parts with regret, and who return a hundred times to your thoughts, till you fee them again.

Cydalifa had a juft way of thinking, expreffed herfelf with grace: her converfation was engaging, and if a perfon was never tired of feeing her, he was ftill lefs fo of hearing her. With thefe qualities fhe had a right to make ftrong impreffions on every heart, and I felt their effects. I efteemed her much; from efteem I foon ran into tendernefs, and all my proceedings immediately affumed the true colour of a ftrong paffion. The eafe with which I obtained my former triumphs, had fomewhat fpoiled me:

when

when I attacked *Cydalisa*, I imagined ſhe would not hold out long; and that being very much honoured by the purſuit of Mr. Inſpector General, ſhe would only make a decent defence. Judge then at the ſurpriſe I was thrown into by the anſwer which ſhe made to my declaration. "My "lord, ſaid ſhe, altho' I had the "preſumption to believe that you are "touched with ſome charms, which "I am thought to have; yet I ſhould "be a fool to liſten ſeriouſly to thoſe "ſame diſcourſes with which you "have deceived thouſands, before "you addreſſed them to me. With-"out eſteem, what is love? A trifle, "and you do not know me ſuffici-"ently to eſteem me. Whatever "judgment and penetration a perſon "may have, he cannot in two days "time enter deep enough into the "character of a woman, to ſay that



" ſhe deſerves to be adored. Mr. " Inſpector General ſeeks an amuſe- " ment; he is in the right; and ſo " is *Cydaliſa* too, in amuſing no " body."

In vain did I ſwear to the ſince- rity of my paſſion, that my happi- neſs was in her hands, and that her indifference would poiſon the reſt of my life. " Jargon, ſaid ſhe, pure " jargon. Either think no more of " me, or do not believe me ſtupid " enough to be catch'd by thoſe trite " proteſtations. What you have juſt " ſaid to me, every body ſays without " thinking of it, and every body hears " without believing it."

If I had had but a bare liking to *Cydaliſa*, her ſeverity would have mortified me: but as I loved her, it afflicted me. I ſet out for the court: her image followed me thither; and abſence, far from weakening the paſſion



passion which I had conceived for her, did but augment it.

Cydalisa had so far taken possession of me, that I thought a hundred times to make a sacrifice to her of the employments and rank which bound me to the court: but the incertainty of success always withheld me.

In the impossibility of flying to the place where I left her, I formed a project to bring her where I was. I took advantage of the confidence with which *Erguebzed* honoured me, by extolling the merit and valor of *Ostaluk*. He was named lieutenant of the Spahi's of his guard, an office which fixed him near the prince; and *Ostaluk* appeared at court, and with him *Cydalisa*, who instantly became the beauty of the day.

You did well, says the Sultan, to keep your employments, and call your *Cydalisa* to court: for I swear to

 you

you by *Brama*, that I ſhould have ſuffered you to ſet out alone for the province ſhe was in.

She was ogled, ſurveyed, beſet, but all in vain, continued *Selim*. I enjoyed the ſole privilege of ſeeing her every day. The more I viſited her, the more graces and good qualities I perceived in her, and the more deſperately I became enamoured. I fancied that poſſibly the remembrance of my numerous adventures might injure me in her mind; in order to efface it, and convince her of the ſincerity of my love, I baniſhed myſelf from company, and I ſaw no women but thoſe which chance threw in my way at her houſe. It ſeemed to me as if this conduct had ſome effect on her, and that ſhe relaxed ſomewhat of her former ſeverity. I doubled my diligence, I aſked for love, and ſhe granted me eſteem. *Cydaliſa* began to

to treat me with diſtinction. I had ſome ſhare in her confidence: ſhe often conſulted me on her family affairs, but was quite ſilent on thoſe of her heart. If I expreſſed myſelf in tender ſentiments, ſhe anſwered me in maxims, which made me mad. This painful ſtate had laſted a long time, when I took up the reſolution to get out of it, and to know poſitively once for all, what I might depend on. How did you ſet about it, ſaid *Mirzoza?* Madam, you will ſoon be informed, anſwered *Mangogul:* and *Selim* continued.

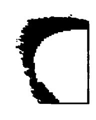
I have told you, madam, that I ſaw *Cydaliſa* every day: I began by ſeeing her leſs frequently, I went on by ſlackening my viſits more and more, till in fine I ſcarce ſaw her at all. Whenever I happened to converſe with her *tete à tete*, I ſpoke as little of love as if I had never felt the leaſt ſpark of it.

This change astonished her: she suspected me of some secret engagement, and one day, as I was making her a narrative of the galantries of the court, *Selim*, said she to me with an air of confusion, you tell me nothing concerning yourself: you relate the good fortune of others charmingly, but you are very discreet with regard to your own. Madam, answered I, 'tis probably because I have none, or that I think it is proper to conceal it. To be true, interrupted she, 'tis of vast consequence to conceal those things to day, which all the world will know to morrow. Be that as it will, madam, replied I, yet at least no body shall have them from me. Indeed, said she, you are quite marvellous with your reserves; but pray who does not know that you have designs upon the fair *Misis*, the little *Zibelina*, and the nut-brown *Sephera*? And on

whom

whom you please besides, madam, added I coldly. Truly, replied she, I can easily believe that these are not all: these two months past, that the sight of you is a favour, you have not been idle, and business goes on fast with those ladies. I, to remain idle, answered I; I should never forgive myself. My heart is made to love, and somewhat to be beloved too; and I will go so far as to own that it is: but ask me no farther questions on this head, perhaps I have already said too much.

Selim, replied she seriously, I have no secret for you, and you shall have none for me, if you please. How far are you advanced?——— Almost to the end of the novel——— And with whom said she earnestly?——— You know *Marteza*— Yes, sure; she is a very amiable woman. "Well "then, after having in vain tried all



" means to pleafe you, I turned to
" that fide. I was wifhed for above
" half a year; two interviews levell'd
" the outworks, a third will com-
" pleat my happinefs; and this very
" night *Marteza* expects me to fup-
" per. Her converfation is amufing,
" light, and a little cauftic; but,
" that excepted, fhe is the beft crea-
" ture in the world. A perfon tranf-
" acts his little affairs better with
" thofe giggling women, than with
" thofe lofty dames, who ———".
But, my Lord, interrupted *Cydalifa* with a down-caft look, in complimenting you on your choice, may one obferve to you, that *Marteza* is not new, and that before you, fhe has reckoned lovers?——— " What is
" that to me, madam, replied I? If
" *Marteza* loves me fincerely, I look
" on myfelf as her firft. But the
" hour of my appointment draws near,

" per-

"permit me———". One word more, my Lord. Is it really true that *Marteza* loves you?—— "I believe "it".—— And you love her, added *Cydalisa*?——"Madam, anſwered I, "'tis you that have thrown me into "the arms of *Marteza*: I need ſay "no more to you——". I was departing, but *Cydaliſa* pull'd me by my Doliman, and turn'd back in a hurry.—— "Does madam want to ſpeak "with me? Has ſhe any commands "for me———"? No, Sir, how, are you there ſtill? I thought you were a good way off by this time.—— "Madam, I will double my pace". *Selim*——"*Cydaliſa*——". Then you are going?—— "Yes, madam—". Ah! *Selim*, to whom do you ſacrifice me? Was not *Cydaliſa*'s eſteem of greater value than the favors of a *Marteza*?——Without doubt, "madam, "replied I, if I had nothing more

"than esteem for you. But I loved "you——". It is not ſo, cried ſhe with tranſport: if you had loved me, you would have diſtinguiſhed my real ſentiments; you would have been prepoſſeſſed with them, you would have flattered yourſelf, that your perſeverance would in time get the better of my pride: but you grew tired, you have abandoned me, and perhaps in the very moment—— At this word *Cydaliſa* ſtopt ſhort, a ſigh ſlipt from her, and her eyes were wet.—"Speak, "madam, ſaid I, make an end. If my "tenderneſs laſted ſtill, notwithſtand-"ing your rigorous treatment, could "you".—I can do nothing, you do no longer love me, and *Marteza* waits for you——. "If *Marteza* was indif-"ferent to me; if *Cydaliſa* was dearer "to me than ever, what would "you do"?—It would be folly to ex-plain myſelf on ſuppoſitions.——

"*Cydaliſa*,

" *Cydalisa*, I beseech you to answer " me, as if I had supposed nothing. " If *Cydalisa* was constantly the most " lovely of her sex in my eyes; and " if I never had the least design on " *Marteza*; once again what would " you do?"—— What I have always done, ingrateful man, answered at length *Cydalisa*: I would love you.— " And *Selim* adores you, said I, fall- " ing on my knees, and kissing her " hands which I water'd with my " tears". *Cydalisa* was struck dumb, this unexpected change threw her into the utmost confusion: I took advantage of her disorder, and our reconciliation was sealed by certain marks of tenderness, which she had not power to refuse.

And what did the good natured *Ostaluk* say to this, interrupted *Mangogul?* Doubtless he allowed his dear half to be generous to a man, to whom

whom he was indebted for his lieutenancy of the Spahi's.

Prince, replied *Selim*, *Ostaluk* shewed great gratitude, whilst I was not listened to; but no sooner was I made happy, but he became troublesome, ill-humour'd, insupportable to me, and brutal to his wife. Not content with disturbing us in person, he caused us to be watched; we were betrayed, and *Ostaluk*, convinced of his pretended dishonour, had the impudence to chalenge me to a duel. We fought in the great park of the Seraglio: I gave him two wounds, and obliged him to own himself indebted to me for his life.

While he was under cure of his wounds, I never quitted his wife: but the first use that he made of his recovery, was to part us and ill-use *Cydalisa*. She sent me a pathetic account of her unhappy situation: I proposed

posed carrying her off, to which she consented, and our jealous pate, returning from the chase, wherein he attended the Sultan, was vastly surprized to find himself a widower. *Ostaluk*, instead of giving vent to his passion in useless complaints against the author of the rape, instantly meditated revenge.

I had *Cydalisa* in a country house, two leagues from *Banza*; and every other night I stole out of town, and went to *Cisara*. Mean while *Ostaluk* set a price on the head of his false one, bribed my servants, and was let into my park. That evening I was enjoying the refreshing breeze there with *Cydalisa*; we were got to the remoter end of a dark walk, and I was on the point of lavishing the most tender caresses on her, when an invisible hand pierced her breast with a poniard before my eyes. It was the hand

of

of cruel *Oſtaluk*. The ſame fate hung over my head: but I prevented *Oſtaluk*, I drew my dagger, and *Cydaliſa* was revenged. I ran to the dear woman: her heart ſtill panted: I haſtened to carry her to the houſe, but before I reached it ſhe expired, her mouth cloſely preſſing on mine.

When I perceived *Cydaliſa*'s limbs to grow ſtiff in my arms, I cryed out with vehemence: my people ran to me, and forced me away from this place of horror. I returned to *Banza*, and ſhut myſelf up in my palace, exceſſively grieved at *Cydaliſa*'s death, and loading myſelf with the moſt cruel reproaches. I loved *Cydaliſa* ſincerely, and was paſſionately beloved by her; and I was at full leiſure to conſider the greatneſs of the loſs, which I had ſuſtained, and to mourn for her.

But

But at length, said the favorite, you comforted your self? Alas! madam, replied *Selim*, I thought I never should; but this one thing I have learnt by it, that there is no grief eternal.

Well, said *Mirzoza*, let me hear no more of the men: there they are all. That is to say, Signor *Selim*, that this poor *Cydalisa*, whose history has moved us to compassion, and whom you have so much regretted, was a great fool to rely on your oaths; and that, while *Brama* perhaps chastises her severely for her credulity, you pass your time pleasantly enough in the arms of another.

Pray, madam, replied the Sultan, calm your self: *Selim* loves again, *Cydalisa* will be revenged. Sir, answered *Selim*, your highness may possibly be misinformed. Ought I not to have learnt, once for my whole life, by

by my adventure with *Cydalifa*, that true love was too prejudicial to happinefs? — Without doubt, interrupted *Mirzoza*, and yet I would lay a wager, notwithftanding your philofophical reflections, that you actually love another more ardently than —

More ardently, replied *Selim*, I dare not affert: thefe five years paft I am attached, but attached from my heart to a charming woman. It was not without difficulty, that I made her liften to me, for fhe had always been of a virtue! — Virtue! cried the Sultan; courage, my friend, I am charmed, when one talks to me of the virtue of a court lady. *Selim*, faid the favorite, continue your ftory: and always believe, as a good muffulman, in the fidelity of your miftrefs, added the Sultan. Ah! prince, replied *Selim* with vivacity, *Fulvia* is faithful to me: faithful, or not, anfwered

Man-

Mangogul, what is that to your happinefs. You believe it, and that is fufficient? Oh then! 'tis *Fulvia* that you are now in love with, faid the favorite. Yes, madam, anfwered *Selim*. So much the worfe, my friend, added *Mangogul*: I have not a grain of faith in her. She is perpetually befet by *Bramins*, and thefe *Bramins* are terrible fellows: befides, I find fhe has little *Chinefe* eyes, with a turn'd up nofe; and an air thoroughly inclining to the fide of pleafure. Between us, is this true? Prince, anfwered *Selim*, I believe fhe has no averfion to it. Well, replied the Sultan, every thing gives way to that charm: which you ought to know better than I, or you are not — You are miftaken, replied the favorite, a man may have all the fenfe in the world, and not know that. I wager — Always wagers, interrupted *Mangogul*:

I

I am out of all patience; those women are incorrigible. Pray, madam, win your castle, and lay wagers afterward.

Madam, says *Selim* to the favorite, might not *Fulvia* be of use to you in some station or other? As how? ask'd *Mirzoza*. I have observed, answered the courtier, that the Toys have seldom or never spoke, but in presence of his highness; and I have fancied, that the Genius *Cucufa*, who has done so many surprising things in favour of *Kanoglou* the Sultan's grand-father, might have endowed his grand-son with the gift of making them speak. But *Fulvia*'s Toy has not as yet opened its mouth, as far as I could ever learn: might it not be possible to interrogate it, in order to procure you the castle, and to convince me of the fidelity of my mistress? Doubtless, replied the Sultan; what

what is your opinion, madam? Oh! I ſhall not meddle in ſo ticklish an affair. *Selim* is too much my friend, to expoſe him, for the ſake of a caſtle, to the riſque of being made unhappy the reſt of his days. But you do not conſider, replied the Sultan; *Fulvia* is virtuous: *Selim* would run his hand into the fire to prove it. He has ſaid it, and he is not a man to flinch from his word. No, Prince, anſwered *Selim*, and if your highneſs will give me a meeting at *Fulvia*'s houſe, I will certainly be there before you. Be cautious of what you propoſe, replied the favorite. *Selim*, my poor *Selim*, you go very faſt, and how worthy ſoever you are of being beloved—Fear not, madam; ſince the dye is caſt, I will hear *Fulvia*: the worſt that can befal me, is to loſe a faithleſs woman. And to die of regret, added the Sultana, for having loſt

loſt her. What a romance, ſays *Mangogul*. You believe then that *Selim* is become very weak. He has loſt the lovely *Cydaliſa*, and yet there he is full of life; and you pretend, that if he happened to find *Fulvia* unfaithful to him, it would kill him. I'll inſure him to you as immortal, if he is never demoliſhed but by that ſtroke. *Selim*, to morrow at *Fulvia's*, do you hear? you will have notice of the hour. *Selim* bow'd, *Mangogul* quited the company: the favorite continued to remonſtrate to the old courtier, that he play'd a high game. *Selim* thank'd her for her tokens of good will, and each retired in expectation of the great event.

CHAP. XVI.

Twenty seventh Trial of the Ring.

FULVIA.

THE *African* author, who had promiſed to bring *Selim*'s character into ſome part of his book, has thought fit to place it here: and I have too much eſteem for the works of antiquity, to aſſert that it would come in better ſome where elſe. There are, ſays he, ſome men, whoſe merit gives them acceſs every where, who by their graceful perſon, and free eaſy wit, are in their youth the darlings of many women; and whoſe gray hairs are reſpected, becauſe having known how to reconcile their duties with their pleaſures, they have rendered

rendered their middle ſtage of life illuſtrious, by ſervices done for the ſtate: In a word, men, who at all times are the delight of ſociety. Such was *Selim*. Though he had reached ſixty years, and that he had entered the liſt of pleaſure early; a ſtrong conſtitution and ſome management had preſerved him from the infirmities of age. A noble air, an eaſy carriage, inſinuating language, a great knowledge of the world, founded on long experience, the habit of dealing with the ſex, made him to be regarded at court, as a man whom every body would chuſe to reſemble, but who would be unſucceſsfully copied, for want of being endowed by nature with the talents and genius which had diſtinguiſhed him.

Now I deſire to know, continues the *African* author, if this man had reaſon to make himſelf uneaſy on the

ſcore

ſcore of a miſtreſs, and to ſpend the night like a mad man? For the fact is, that a thouſand reflections rolled in his head; and the more he loved *Fulvia*, the more he feared to find her unfaithful. " Into what labyrinth " have I thruſt my ſelf, ſaid he to " himſelf? And to what purpoſe? " What advantage will accrue to " me, in caſe the favorite ſhould " win a caſtle; and what will be " my fate, if ſhe loſes it? But why " ſhould ſhe loſe it? Am I not cer- " tain of *Fulvia's* love? Ah! I am " in the ſole and entire poſſeſſion of " her; and if her Toy ſpeak, it will " be of me alone.—But if the treache- " rous—no, no, I ſhould have had " ſome previous notion of it; I ſhould " have obſerved ſome unevenneſs in " her temper. Some time or other, " theſe five years paſt, ſhe would " have betrayed herſelf.—Yet the

" trial is dangerous.——— But it is " now no longer time to recoil, I " have lifted the veſſel to my mouth, " I muſt finiſh, tho' I were to ſpill " the liquor.——— Perhaps alſo " the oracle will be in my favour. — " Alas! what can I expect from it? " Why muſt others have failed in " their attacks on that virtue, over " which I have triumphed?—— Ah! " dear *Fulvia*, I wrong thee by " my ſuſpicions, and I forget what " it coſt me to conquer thee. A ray " of hope enlightens me, and I flat- " ter myſelf that thy Toy will obſti- " nately keep ſilence".———

Selim was in this agitation of mind, when he received a card from the Sultan, which contained theſe words: *This night, preciſely at half an hour after eleven, you will be where you know.* *Selim* took his pen, and anſwered with a trembling hand: *Prince, I will obey.*

Selim paſſed the reſt of the day, as he had done the preceding night, fluctuating between hope and fear. Nothing is truer, than that lovers have an inſtinct: if their miſtreſs be unfaithful, they are ſeized with an horror much like to that, which animals feel at the approach of bad weather. The ſuſpicious lover is a cat, whoſe ear itches in cloudy weather. Animals and lovers have this property alſo in common, that domeſtic animals loſe this inſtinct, and that it grows dull in lovers, when they are converted into huſbands. "

The hours ſeemed very tedious to *Selim*, he look'd a hundred times on his watch: infine the fatal moment came, and the courtier went to viſit his miſtreſs. It was late, but as he had admiſſion at all hours, *Fulvia's* appartment was opened for him.—— " I had given you over, ſaid ſhe, and

" I went to bed with a ſwimming in " my head, which I owe to the im- " patience you have thrown me in- " to"——Madam, anſwered *Selim*, buſineſs and reſpect have detained me with the Sultan; and ſince I parted from you, I have not been maſter of myſelf one moment. " And for my " part, replied *Fulvia*, I have been " in a dreadful humour. How! two " whole days without ſeeing you".— You know, anſwered *Selim*, what my rank obliges me to: and let the favour of the great appear ever ſo fixed—— " How, interrupted *Fulvia*, " has the Sultan ſhewn you any cold- " neſs? Has he forgot your ſervices? " *Selim*, you are penſive, you do not " anſwer me.—— Alas! if you love " me, of what avail is the prince's " good or bad reception to your hap- " pineſs. It is not in his eyes, it is in " mine, 'tis in my arms that you are " to ſeek it".

Selim

Selim liſtened attentively to this diſcourſe, examined the countenance of his miſtreſs, and in its motions ſought that character of truth, in which a perſon is not deceived, and which it is impoſſible to counterfeit well: when I ſay impoſſible, I mean to us men: for *Fulvia* was ſo perfectly compoſed, that *Selim* began to blame himſelf for having ſuſpected her, when *Mangogul* entered the room. *Fulvia* was ſilent in an inſtant, *Selim* trembled; and the Toy ſaid: "In vain does my lady "make pilgrimages to all the *Pago-* "*da's* of *Congo*, ſhe will have no "children; for reaſons well known "to me, who am her Toy". ——

At this declaration a deadly paleneſs ſeized *Selim*: he attempted to riſe, but his trembling knees failed him, and he fell back into his ſeat. The inviſible Sultan ſtep'd up to him, and whiſpered in his ear: "Have you

" enough? Alas! Prince, replied the
" melancholic *Selim*, why did I not
" follow the advice of *Mirzoza*, and
" the misgivings of my own heart?
" My happiness is eclipsed, I am a
" lost man: I die, if her Toy does
" not speak; if it does, I am a dead
" man: let it speak out however. I
" expect frightful intelligences; but I
" fear them less than I hate the state
" of perplexity, in which I am".——

In the mean time *Fulvia*'s first motion was to put her hand on her Toy, and to shut its mouth: what it had hitherto said, might bear a favorable interpretation: but she dreaded the sequel. As she began to take courage on account of its remaining silent, the Sultan, urged by *Selim*, turned his ring: *Fulvia* was obliged to spread her fingers, and the Toy went on.

" I will never hold, I am too much
" harassed. The too assiduous visits

"of so many holy men will always "obstruct my intentions, and madam will not have any children, "If I had been regaled by none but "*Selim*, I might possibly prove fruitful: but I lead the life of a gally-"slave. This day fatigued by one, "to morrow by another; and always "at the oar. The last man which "*Fulvia* sees, is always the person, "whom she believes destined by "heaven to perpetuate her race. "None can be safe from this fancy. "O how tiresome is the condition of "the Toy of a titled lady, who has "no heirs! These ten years past, "I am exposed to people, who were "not made even to lift their eyes up "to me."

Here *Mangogul* was of opinion that *Selim* had heard enough, to cure him of his perplexity: wherefore he exempted him from the remaining part,

turned off his ring, and went away, abandoning *Fulvia* to the reproaches of her lover.

At first the miserable *Selim* was petrified: but his fury giving him ſtrength and ſpeech, he darted a ſcornful look on his unfaithful miſtreſs, and ſaid: " Ingrateful, perfidious wo-" man, if I loved you ſtill, I would " take revenge: but as you are unwor-" thy of my affection, ſo you are like-" wiſe of my wrath. A man like me, " *Selim* to be mixed with a pack of ſcoundrels".——

Truly, interrupted *Fulvia* ſmartly, in the ſtrain of an unmaſked courtiſan, it much becomes you to give yourſelf airs for a trifle: inſtead of thanking me for concealing matters from you, which would have made you mad at the time of their tranſacting; you take fire, you fly into a rage, as if you had been injured. And pray,

Sir,

Sir, what reason can you have for prefering yourself to *Rickel*, to *Seton*, to *Mollio*, to *Tachmas*, to the most amiable cavaliers of the court, from whom their mistresses won't be at the pains even of cloaking the slips they make. Consider, *Selim*, that you are exhausted, infirm, and long incapable of engrossing a pretty woman, who is not a fool. Acknowledge then, that your presumption is ill-timed, and your rage impertinent. Infine you may, if you are dissatisfied, leave the field open to others, who will make better use of it. "So I do, and most heartily, " replied *Selim* with excessive indig- " nation": and went away, fully resolved never more to see that woman.

He went home, and shut himself up for some days, less grieved for his loss, than for his long error. Not his heart, but his vanity suffered.

He dreaded the reproches of the favorite, and the jokes of the Sultan; and he ſhun'd the one and the other.

He was upon the point of reſolving to renounce the court, to go into retirement, and turn philoſopher for the remaining part of a life, of which he had thrown away a great part in quality of a courtier; when *Mirzoza*, who gueſs'd his thoughts, undertook to comfort him, ſent for him to the Seraglio, and made him this ſpeech. "Well, my poor *Selim*, then you "abandon me? 'Tis not *Fulvia*, "it is me that you puniſh for her "infidelity. We are all concerned "for your adventure, we agree that "it is vexatious: but if you ſet any "value on the Sultan's protection "and my eſteem, you will continue "to enliven our company, and you "will forget that *Fulvia*, who never "was worthy of a man like you".

Madam,

Madam, anſwered *Selim*, age admoniſhes me that it is high time for me to retire. I have ſufficiently ſeen the world; and four days ago I would have boaſted that I knew it. But *Fulvia*'s ſtroak confounds me. Women are indefinable, and I ſhould hate them all, if you had not been included in the ſex, of which you have all the charms. May *Brama* grant, that you never imbibe their perverſeneſs. Farewell, madam, I am going to give myſelf up to uſeful reflections in ſolitude. The remembrance of the favours, with which you and the Sultan have honoured me, will follow me thither; and if my heart forms any vows henceforth, they will be for your happineſs and his glory.

Selim, replied the favorite, your chagrine is your adviſer. You are afraid of mockery, which you will leſs avoid by withdrawing from court,

 than

than by remaining at it. Have as much philosophy as you will, this is not the time to put it in practice; your retreat will be attributed to peevishness and melancholy. You are not framed to confine yourself in a desert; and the Sultan ——

Mangogul's arrival interrupted the favorite: she informed him of *Selim's* design. " Then he is turn'd fool, " says the prince; is it possible that " the base usage of that little *Fulvia* " has turn'd his head. And then " addressing himself to *Selim*—— " That shall not be, my friend, you " shall stay, continues he: I want " your counsel, and madam your " company. The welfare of my em- " pire, and *Mirzoza's* satisfaction " require it, and it shall be".

Selim, moved with the sentiments of *Mangogul* and the favorite, bowed respectuously, staid at court, was loved,

loved, cheriſhed, ſought for, and diſtinguiſhed by his favour with the Sultan and *Mirzoza.*

C H A P. XVII.

Prodigious events of the Reign of Kanaglou, Mangogul's *Grand-father.*

THE favorite was very young. Born towards the end of *Erguebzed's* reign, ſhe had ſcarce any idea at all of the court of *Kanaglou.* A word accidentally dropt had given her a curioſity to know the prodigies, which the genius *Cucafa* had wrought in favour of that good prince; and none could more faithfully inform her than *Selim.* He had been an eye witneſs and even a ſharer in them, and was throughly verſed in the hiſtory of his time. One day that he

was alone with her, *Mirzoza* put him on that topic, and asked him if the reign of *Kanaglou*, which made so great noise, had seen greater wonders, than those, which then engrossed the attention of *Congo?*

" I have no interest, madam, an-
" swered *Selim*, in preferring times
" past to those of the reigning prince.
" Great things are come to pass un-
" der him, but they are perhaps no
" more than specimens of those which
" will continue to render *Mangogul*
" illustrious; and my time is too
" far advanced, to flatter my self
" with seeing them." You are mistaken, replied *Mirzoza*; you have acquired, and will keep the epithet of eternal. But tell me what you have seen.

Madam, continued *Selim*, *Kanaglou*'s reign was long, and our poets have named it the golden age. This title



title suits it upon several accounts. It has been signalized by successes and victories: but the advantages were blended with crosses, which prove that this gold was sometimes mixed with bad alloy. The court, which sets the example to the rest of the empire, was very gallant. The Sultan had mistresses, the nobility piqued themselves on imitating him, and the lower people insensibly assumed the same air. The magnificence in dress, furniture, and equipages, was excessive. Delicacy in feasting was reduced to an art. People gam'd high, ran in debt, paid no body, and spent while they had either money or credit. There were very good laws enacted against luxury, but not put in execution. Towns were taken, provinces conquered, palaces begun, and the empire drained of men and money. The people sung victory, and

and were ſtarving at the ſame time. The great had ſtately caſtles and delightful gardens, and their lands lay uncultivated. A hundred ſhips of war had rendered us maſters of the ſea, and the terror of our neighbours: but a good calculator made an exact eſtimate what it coſt the government to keep theſe hulks in good order; and notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of the reſt of the miniſtry, they were ordered to be turned into a bon-fire. The royal treaſury was a great empty coffer, which this wretched oeconomy did not fill; gold and ſilver became ſo ſcarce, that the mints were, on a ſummer's morning, converted into paper-mills. To compleat our happineſs, *Kanaglou* ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded by a ſet of fanatics, that it was of the utmoſt importance, that all his ſubjects ſhould reſemble him, and

that

that they ſhould have blue eyes, ſnub noſes, and red whiſkers, as well as he: and he expelled from *Congo* above two millions of people, who were not bleſſed with theſe regimentals, or who refuſed to counterfeit them. Such, madam, was this golden age; ſuch thoſe good old times, which you daily hear regretted: but let thoſe dotards prate on, and do you believe that we have our *Turennes* and our *Colberts*, that, all things conſidered, the preſent is better than the time paſt; and that if the people are happier under *Mangogul* than they were under *Kanaglou*, his highneſs's reign is more illuſtrious than that of his grandfather, becauſe the happineſs of the ſubject is the exact meaſure of the greatneſs of the prince. But let us return to the particulars of *Kanaglou*'s reign.

I will

I will begin by the origin of the *Pagtins*. *Selim*, I will excuse you, I know that story by heart, says the favorite, proceed to other matters. Madam, answered *Selim*, might one ask from whom you have it? Why, says *Mirzoza*, it is published. True Madam, replied *Selim*, and by people, who knew nothing of the matter. I am out of humour, when I see little obscure private persons, who have never been near princes, but at a public entry into the metropolis, or some such other ceremony, pretend to write their history.

Madam, continued *Selim*, we had spent the night at a masquerade in the great salons in the Seraglio, when the genius *Cucufa*, a vowed protector of the reigning family, appeared to us, and commanded us to go to bed, and sleep twenty four hours on a stretch. He was obeyed, and at the expiration of this

this term, the Seraglio was found to be transformed into a vaſt and magnificent galery of Pantins. At one end appeared *Kanaglou* ſeated on his throne: a long pack-thread, almoſt worn out, hung down between his legs: an old decrepit fairy was inceſſantly pulling it, and with a turn of her wriſt, moved an innumerable multitude of ſubaltern Pantins, to whom fine interceptible threads anſwered, which iſſued from *Kanaglou's* fingers and toes. She pulled, and in an inſtant the ſeneſchal drew up, and ſealed ruinous edicts; or pronounced a panegyric on the fairy, which was prompted by his ſecretary: the miniſter of war ſent card matches to the army; the ſuperintendant of the finances built houſes, and ſuffered the ſoldiery to ſtarve; and ſo of the other Pantins.

When

When any of the Pantins happened to execute their movements aukwardly, by not lifting up their arms sufficiently, or not bowing their knee in a proper manner, the fairy cut their threads with a jerk of her left hand, and they became paralytic. I ſhall never forget two moſt valiant emirs, whom ſhe found deficient in their duty, and who were ever after deprived of the uſe of their arms.

The threads which iſſued from every part of *Kanaglou*'s body, were extended to immenſe diſtances, and from the palace of *Congo*, put whole armies of Pantins into motion or winter quarters, even to the remoteſt parts of *Monoëmugi*. With one pull of the pack-thread, a town was beſieged, the trenches were opened, they battered in breach, and the enemy was preparing to capitulate; but upon a ſecond pull, the beſiegers fire ſlackened,

ed, the attacks were not carried on with the ſame vigour, troops came to the relief of the place, diſſentions were kindled among the generals: we were attacked, ſurprized, beaten, and routed.

These bad tidings never gave any concern to *Kanaglou*: he ſeldom heard them, till they were forgot by his ſubjects: and the fairy would not ſuffer him to be informed of them, but by Pantins, who had each a thread faſtned to the tip of their tongue; and who ſaid no more than what ſhe thought proper, on pain of being ſtruck dumb.

Another time we young fools were all charmed with an adventure, which gave bitter ſcandal to the godly. The women all at once became tumblers, and fell to walking with their heads down, their legs up in air, and their hands in their ſlippers.

This

This threw all our former knowledge into confusion; and we were obliged to commence a course of studies on these new physiognomies. Many were slighted, who ceased to be thought lovely, as soon as they shewed themselves; and others, who were never so much as talked of, gained vastly by making themselves known. Their petticoats and gowns falling over their eyes, put them in danger, either of losing their way, or stumbling: wherefore the former were shortened, and the latter cut open before. Such is the origin of short petticoats and open gowns. When the women returned to the use of their feet, they retained this part of their dress as it was: and if we thoroughly consider the petticoats of our fine ladies, we shall easily perceive, that they were not made to be worn, as they are worn at this day.

Any mode, that has but one drift, will ſoon paſs away: in order to make it laſting, it ought to anſwer two ends at leaſt. In thoſe ſame days a ſecret was diſcovered for plumping the breaſts downward: and it is uſed at this day for plumping them upward.

The devout women, ſurprized to find their heads down, and their heels up in the air, at firſt covered themſelves with their hands: but this attention made them loſe their poiſe, and ſtumble in their walks. By the advice of the *Bramins*, they afterwards tied their petticoats about their legs with little black ribbons. The gay part of the ſex found this expedient ridiculous, and publickly declared, that it incommoded their reſpiration, and threw them into the vapours. This prodigy was attended with happy conſequences; it occaſioned a num-

number of marriages, or somewhat like them, and a crowd of conversions. All those, who had disagreeable buttocks, ran headlong into the religious party, and took little black ribbons. Four missions of *Bramins* would not have made so many proselytes.

We had scarcely got rid of this trial, when we underwent another, less universal indeed, but not less instructive. The young girls, one and all, from thirteen to eighteen, nineteen, twenty years of age, and upwards, rose on a fine summer's morning, the middle finger caught, guess where, madam, says *Selim* to the favorite? It was not in their mouth, nor in their ear, nor infine, *a la Turque*. Their disease was easily guess'd, and the remedy quickly applied. From that time may our custom be dated of mar-

marrying children, who are fit for nothing but dreſſing their dolls.

Another bleſſing: *Kanaglou*'s court ſwarmed with Petits-maitres, and I had the honour to be of the number. One day as I was entertaining them with the young *French* nobility, I perceived our ſhoulders working upwards, till they became higher than our heads: but that was not all; in an inſtant we all fell to whirling about on one heel. And what rarity was there in that, ſaid the favorite? Nothing, madam, replied *Selim*, but that the firſt metamorphoſis is the origin of the round ſhoulders, ſo much in vogue in your infancy; and the ſecond, that of the ſcoffers, whoſe reign is not yet over. Then, as now, a diſcourſe was begun to ſome one perſon, which by a ſudden twirl on the heel, was continued to a ſecond, and finiſhed to a third, to whom it

became half unintelligible, half impertinent.

Another time we all found ourselves short sighted, and were forced to have recourse to *Bion*: the rogue made us pay ten sequins for glasses, which we continued to use, even after recovering our sight. Thence come, madam, the opera spy glasses.

I could never learn what the fine ladies did to the Genius *Cucufa* about this time; but he took severe vengeance of them. At the end of a certain year, whereof they had spent the nights in balls, banquets, and gaming, and the days in dressing, or between the arms of their lovers, they were all astonished to find themselves horridly ugly. One was as black as a mole, another bronzed over; a third pale and lean, a fourth of a sickly yellow, and full of wrinkles. There was a necessity to palliate this fatal

en-

enchantment, and our chemiſts found out the white, the red, pomatums, waters, venus's handkerchiefs, virgins milk, patches, and a thouſand other coſmetics, which they employed, to avoid appearing ugly, and becoming frightful. *Cucufa* ſtill held them under this curſe, when *Erguebzed*, who loved beautiful women, became their interceſſor. The Genius did all that he could; but the charm was ſo powerful, that he was not able to diſſolve it thoroughly; and the court ladies remained ſuch as you ſee them at this day.

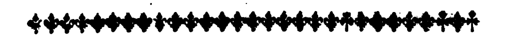
Was the fate of the other charms the ſame, ſays *Mirzoza*? No, madam, anſwered *Selim*, they laſted ſome longer, ſome ſhorter: the round ſhoulders ſunk by degrees, and people ſtood upright: and for fear of being thought hump-back'd, they turned up their noſes to the wind, and

danced as they walked. The whirl-gig motion continued, and they whirl about to this day. Broach a ſerious or ſenſible converſation in preſence of a young lord of the *bel air*; and *Zeſte*, you ſhall ſee him wheel away from you in an inſtant, and go mutter out a parody to ſome body, who aſks him the news of the war, or of his health; or to whiſper in his ear, that he ſupped laſt night with Miſs *Rabon*, and that ſhe is an adorable girl; that there is a new romance coming abroad; that he has read ſome pages of it, and that it is fine, very fine: and then another twirl or two towards a lady, whom he aſks if ſhe has ſeen the new opera, and anſwers her, that Miſs *Dangeville* has performed to a miracle.

Mirzoza found theſe ridicules very diverting, and aſked *Selim* if he had been a ſharer in them. "How, ma-

"madam, replied the old courtier, "was it poſſible not to have them, "without paſſing for a man come "from the other world? I put on "the round ſhoulders, I ſtood erect, "I danced in walking, I cock'd "the ſpy-glaſs, I whirled about, I "hiſſed like the reſt: and the ut- "moſt efforts of my judgment went "no farther than to be one of the firſt "in taking up theſe ſeveral biaſſes, "and none of the laſt in ſhaking "them off." *Selim* was got thus far, when *Mangogul* appeared. The *African* author does not inform us, what was become of him, or what were his occupations during this preceding chapter. Probably the princes of *Congo* may be allowed to perform indifferent actions, to ſay miſerable things ſometimes, and to reſemble the reſt of mankind, who ſpend a

great part of their lives in doing nothing, or ſuch things at leaſt, as are not worthy of being known.



CHAP. XVIII.

Twenty eighth Trial of the Ring.

OLYMPIA.

REjoice, madam, ſays *Mangogul*, coming in to the favorite's appartment. I bring you an agreeable piece of news. The Toys are a parcel of little fools, who know not what they ſay. *Cucufa*'s ring can indeed make them ſpeak, but not extort the truth from them. And how has your highneſs caught them in a lye, ſays the favorite? You ſhall hear, anſwered the Sultan. *Selim* promiſed you an account of all his adventures, and

and you make no doubt but that he has kept his word. Well then, I am juſt come from conſulting a Toy, who accuſes him of a naughty trick, which he has not confeſſed to you, and which moſt certainly he has not play'd, as it is quite contrary to his character. To tyrannize over a pretty woman, to lay her under contribution, on pain of military execution: can you diſcover *Selim* in this proceeding? Pray, why not, Sir, replied the favorite? There is no malice of this ſort, of which *Selim* has not been capable: and if he has concealed the adventure which you have diſcovered, poſſibly it is, that he is reconciled to this Toy, that they are well together, and that he thought he might keep that peccadillo from me, without ſwerving from his promiſe.

The perpetual falsity of your conjectures, replied *Mangogul*, ought to cure you of the disease of ever making any. There is nothing of what you imagin in the affair: it is one of the first flights of *Selim*'s youthful days. It regards one of those women, who are gained in a minute, but are never kept long.

Madam, says *Selim* to the favorite, in vain do I examine my self, I can recal nothing more to my memory; and at present I find my conscience quite clear.

Olympia, says *Mangogul* — Ah! Prince, interrupted *Selim*, I know the thing; but this little story is so old, that it is no wonder that it has escaped me.

Olympia, continued *Mangogul*, wife of the chief cashier of *Hafna*, had coiffed herself with a young officer, captain in *Selim*'s regiment. Her lover

lover came to her one morning in deep concern, to inform her that orders were iſſued for all the officers to ſet out and join their reſpective corps. My grandfather *Kanaglou* had reſolved that year to open the campaign early: and an admirable project, which he had formed, miſcarried, purely through the making theſe orders too publick. The politicians murmured, the women exclaimed, each party had their reaſons. I have told you thoſe of *Olympia*. This woman took the party of ſeeing *Selim*, and, if poſſible, to prevent the departure of *Gabalis*: for that was her lover's name. *Selim* already paſſed for a dangerous man. *Olympia* thought it was proper to have an eſcort: and two of her female friends, as handſome as her ſelf, offered to accompany her. *Selim* was at home when they came.

 He

He received *Olympia*, who appeared alone, with that eafy politenefs, which you know he is mafter of, and afked what had procured him this agreeable vifit? Sir, fays *Olympia*, I intereft my felf for *Gabalis*: he has fome important affairs on his hands, which make his prefence neceffary at *Banza*; and I come to you to beg fix months leave of abfence for him.

Six months leave, Madam? You do not confider, replied *Selim*: the Sultan's orders are precife: I am heartily concerned, that I cannot make a merit towards you of a favour, which would infallibly ruin me. New inftances on *Olympia*'s fide: on *Selim*'s new refufals—The Grand Vizir has promifed me, that I fhould be comprehended in the next promotion. Can you defire me, madam, to drown my felf, in order

to

to oblige you? No, Sir, you may oblige me, without drowning your ſelf—Madam, it is impoſſible: but if you go to the Viſir—Alas! Sir, to whom do you ſend me, that man never did any thing for the ladies—I rack my brain to no purpoſe: for I ſhould be highly rejoiced in being able to render you ſervice, and I can ſee but one way. And which is that, aſked *Olympia* with eagerneſs? —Your intention, anſwered *Selim*, would be to make *Gabalis* happy for ſix months: but, madam, could you not diſpoſe of one quarter of an hour of thoſe pleaſures which you deſign for him? *Olympia* underſtood him wonderfully well, bluſhed, ſtammered, and concluded by exclaiming at the ſeverity of the condition. Let us ſay no more of the affair, replied the colonel with a cold air, *Gabalis* ſhall join his regiment: the prince's

ſervice muſt be done. I might venture to take ſomewhat on my ſelf: but you are inflexible. At leaſt, madam, if *Gabalis* departs, it is you hat ſend him away. I, cry'd *Olympia* ſharply: Ah! Sir, make out his warrant quickly, and let him remain here. The eſſential preliminaries of the treaty were ratified on a ſopha, and the lady thought ſhe had made ſure of *Gabalis*; when the traitor, who ſtands before you, took it into his head to aſk her, who thoſe two ladies were, who came with her, and whom ſhe left in the next appartment. They are two of my intimate friends, replied *Olympia*; and of *Gabalis* too, added *Selim*, beyond all doubt. This ſuppoſed, I do not believe they will refuſe to execute each a third part of the articles of the treaty. Yes, this to me ſeems juſt: and to you, madam, I commit

mit the care of difpofing them to it. Indeed, Sir, fays *Olympia*, you are a ftrange man. I proteft, thefe ladies have no pretentions to *Gabalis*: but in order to extricate them and my felf from this *embarras*, if you think me refponfible, I will endeavour to difcharge the bill of exchange, which you draw on them. *Selim* accepted the offer. *Olympia* did honour to her word: and there, madam, is what *Selim* ought to have informed you of.

I excufe him, fays the favorite: *Olympia* was not fo good an acquaintance, that I fhould condemn him for having forgot her. I cannot imagin whither you go to hunt out that fort of women: indeed, prince, your conduct is that of a man, who has no defire to lofe a caftle.

Madam, to me it feems, as if you had entirely changed your notions within

within these few days, anſwered *Mangogul*: do me the favour to recollect the firſt trial of my ring, which I propoſed to you; and you will ſee, it was not my fault that I have not loſt it ere now.

Yes, replied the Sultana, I know, you have ſworn to me, that I ſhould be excepted out of the number of ſpeaking Toys; and that ſince that time you have applied to ſuch women only as have forfeited their character; to an *Aminta*, a *Zobeida*, a *Thelis*, a *Zulica*, whoſe reputations were already pretty well ſettled.

I grant, ſays *Mangogul*, that it would be ridiculous indeed to rely on thoſe Toys: but for want of others, I was neceſſitated to confine myſelf to them. I have already told you, and I now repeat it: good company with reſpect to Toys is ſcarcer than you think;

think; and if you will not resolve to gain yourself ——

I, interrupted *Mirzoza* smartly, I shall never have a castle while I live, if I must use those means for obtaining one. A speaking Toy! Fy! That is so indecent.—— Prince, in one word, you know my reasons, and with great seriousness I now reiterate my menaces.

But, either do not complain of my trials, or at least hint at some persons, to whom you think we may have recourse: for I am quite uneasy that the affair is not terminated. Libertin Toys, and what next? Libertin Toys, and always Libertin Toys.

I have great confidence, says *Mirzoza*, in *Egle*'s Toy; and I wait with impatience for the end of the fortnight which you demanded of me.

Madam, replied *Mangogul*, that term expired yesterday; and while *Selim*



Selim was telling you ſtories of the old court, I learnt from *Egle*'s Toy, that, thanks to the ill humor of *Celebi*, and the conſtant attendance of *Almanzor*, it's miſtreſs can do you no ſervice.

Ah! Prince, cry'd the favourite, what have you ſaid? 'Tis fact, replied the Sultan; I will regale you with that ſtory ſome other time: but in the mean while ſeek another ſtring to your bow.

Egle, the virtuous *Egle*, has at length given herſelf the lye, ſays the favorite in a ſurprize; indeed I cannot recover myſelf. I ſee you are quite unhinged, replies *Mangogul*, and know not whither to turn yourſelf.

Not ſo, ſays the favorite; but I own to you that I depended much on *Egle*. Pray think no more about it, added *Mangogul*; only tell us if ſhe was the only virtuous woman that you know.

No,

No, Prince, there are a hundred others, and amiable women too, whom I will name to you, replied *Mirzoza*. I will anſwer, as much as for myſelf, for——for———

Mirzoza ſtop'd ſhort, without having pronounced any one name. *Selim* could not refrain from ſmiling, and the Sultan from burſting out into laughter, at the favorite's embarraſment, who knew ſo many virtuous women, and could not recollect any one.

Mirzoza, piqued at this, turned to *Selim*, and ſaid: pray, *Selim*, help me out, you, who are ſo great a connoiſſeur. Prince, continued ſhe directing her diſcourſe to the Sultan, apply to——— whom ſhall I name? prithee, *Selim*, aſſiſt me. To *Mirzoza*, ſays *Selim*. You make your court to me very ill, replied the favorite. I am not afraid of the trial, but I abhor it. Name ſome one elſe quickly,

quickly, if you would have me pardon you.

One may try, say *Selim*, if *Zaide* has found the reality of the ideal lover, which she formed to herself, and to whom she was formerly wont to compare all those who made love to her.

Zaide, replys *Mangogul?* I must own that she is a very proper subject to make me lose. She is, added the favorite, perhaps the only woman, whose reputation has been spared by the prude *Arsinoe* and the coxcomb *Janeki*.

This is strong, says *Mangogul*: but the trial of my ring is a better argument. Let us go directly to her Toy.

That Oracle is surer much than Calchas.

How, adds the favorite smiling: you retain your *Racine*, like a player.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Twenty-ninth Trial of the Ring.

ZULEIMAN *and* ZAIDE.

MAngogul, without anfwering the favorite's joke, departed inftantly, and went to *Zaide*'s houfe. He found her retired in a clofet, at a fmall table, on which he obferved fome letters, a portrait, and fome trifles fcatter'd here and there, which came from a cherifhed lover, as it was eafy to prefume, by the fondnefs fhe expreffed for them. She was writing; tears ran down her cheeks, and wetted the paper. Every now and then fhe kifs'd the portrait with tranfport, opened

opened the letters, wrote ſome words, returned to the portrait, ſnatched up the above mentioned trifles, and preſſed them to her breaſt.

The Sultan's aſtoniſhment was incredible; he had never ſeen any tender woman, but the favorite and *Zaide*. He thought himſelf beloved by *Mirzoza*: but did not *Zaide* love *Zuleiman* better ſtill? And were not this pair the only true lovers of *Congo*.

The tears, which *Zaide* ſhed in writing, were not tears of ſorrow. 'Twas love that made them flow. And in that moment, a delicious ſentiment, which aroſe from a certainty of poſſeſſing the heart of *Zuleiman*, was the only one that affected her. "Dear "*Zuleiman*, cry'd ſhe, how I love "thee! how dear thou art to me! "How agreeably thou employeſt "me! In thoſe inſtants, when "*Zaide* has not the happineſs of

"of ſeeing thee, ſhe writes to thee
"how much ſhe is thine: ſeparated
"from *Zuleiman*, his love is the only
"converſation which gives her plea-
"ſure".

Zaide was thus far advanced in her amorous meditation, when *Mangogul* pointed his ring at her. Immediately he heard her Toy ſend forth a ſigh and repeat the firſt words of her miſtreſs's monology. "Dear *Zulei-*
"*man*, how I love thee! how dear
"thou art to me! how agreeably
"thou employeſt me"! *Zaide*'s heart and Toy were too well agreed, to vary in their diſcouſe. *Zaide* was ſurprized at firſt; but ſhe was ſo ſure that her Toy would ſay nothing, but what *Zuleiman* might hear with pleaſure, that ſhe wiſh'd him preſent.

Mangogul repeated his trial, and *Zaide*'s Toy repeated with a ſoft tender voice: "*Zuleiman*, dear *Zuleiman*,

how

" how I love thee! how dear thou " art to me"! *Zuleiman*, says the Sultan, is the happiest mortal of my empire. Let us abandon this place, where the image of a happiness greater than mine is presented to my sight, and afflicts me. Accordingly he withdrew, and went to his favorite with an air of inquietude and pensiveness. " Prince, says she, what ails you, you " say nothing to me of *Zaide*"?—— *Zaide* is an adorable woman, madam, replied *Mangogul*. She loves beyond any thing that ever loved—" So much " the worse for her, says *Mirzoza*". What do you say, replied the Sultan?——— " I say, answers the favorite, that *Kermades* is one of the " most disagreeable persons of *Congo*; " that interest and the authority of " the parents made that match; and " that there never was a couple worse " sorted than *Kermades* and *Zaide*".— But



But, madam, replies *Mangogul*, it is not her husband that ſhe loves——
" Who then, ſays *Mirzoza*"?——
'Tis *Zuleiman*, replies *Mangogul*——
" Adieu then to the *Porcelains* and
" the little *Sapajou*, added the Sul-
" tana———". Ah! ſays *Mangogul* whiſpering to himſelf, this *Zaide* has ſtruck me: ſhe purſues me, ſhe occupies my thoughts; I muſt abſolutely ſee her again. *Mirzoza* interrupted him by ſome queſtions, which he anſwered in monoſyllables. He refuſed a game of piquet which ſhe propoſed, complain'd of a head-ach which he counterfeited, retired to his appartment, went to bed without ſuping, which he had never done before, and had no ſleep. The charms and tenderneſs of *Zaide*, the qualities and happineſs of *Zuleiman* tormented him the whole night.

One

One may easily imagine, that he had no business so much in his head this day, as to return to *Zaide*. He walk'd out of his palace, even without enquiring after *Mirzoza*, the first time that ever he fail'd in this point. He found *Zaide* in the same closet as the preceding day, and *Zuleiman* with her; who held his mistresses hands between his own, and had his eyes fixed on her. *Zaide* on her knees, and inclining forward, darted glances animated with the most ardent passion on *Zuleiman*. They continued some time in this attitude: but both in the same instant yielding to the violence of their desires, they rush'd into each others arms, and embraced with eagerness. The profound silence, which had hitherto reigned about them, was disturbed by their sighs, the sound of their mutual kisses, and some inarticulated words, which slip'd from them

them——You love me!——I adore you——Will you love me conſtantly?——Alas! the laſt ſigh of my life ſhall be for *Zaide*!——

Mangogul overwhelm'd with ſorrow, threw himſelf into an eaſy chair, and covered his eyes with his hand. He dreaded ſeeing things, which are eaſily imagined, and yet did not happen. After a ſilence of ſome moments, Ah! dear and tender lover, ſays *Zaide*, why have I not always found you ſuch as you are at preſent? I ſhould not love you the leſs, nor ſhould I have any reproach to throw on myſelf.——But you weep, dear *Zuleiman*.——Come, dear and tender lover, come, and let me wipe off your tears. *Zuleïman*, you caſt down your eyes, what ails you? Pray look on me.——Come, dear friend, come, that I may comfort thee: cling thy lips on my mouth; breathe thy

 ſoul

ſoul into me, receive mine; ſuſpend—— Ah! no——no—— *Zaide* finiſhed her diſcourſe with a deep ſigh, and was ſilent.

The *African* author informs us, that this ſcene touched *Mangogul* moſt ſenſibly, that he built ſome hopes on the impotence of *Zuleiman*, and that ſome ſecret propoſals were made on his behalf to *Zaide*, who rejected them, and never made any merit of it with her lover.

CHAP. XX.

Platonic Love.

"BUT is this *Zaide* an unique? "*Mirzoza* is no ways inferior "to her in charms, and I have a thou-"ſand proofs of her affection. I de-"ſire to be loved, I am, and who "has

"has told me that *Zuleiman* is more "so than I? I was a fool to envy "another's happiness. No, there is "no man under the heavens happier "than *Mangogul*". Thus began the remonstrances, which the Sultan made to himself. The author has surpressed the rest, and contents himself with apprizing us, that the prince paid more regard to them, than to those which his ministers presented him with, and that *Zaide* never after returned on his mind.

One of those evenings, that he was entirely satisfied with his mistress or with himself, he proposed sending for *Selim*, to walk in the groves of the Seraglio. These were verdant closets, where many things may be said and done without witnesses. In their way thither, *Mangogul* turn'd the conversation on the reasons people have for loving. *Mirzoza*, mounted on

grand principles, and fill'd with idea's of virtue, which certainly did not ſuit with her rank, perſon, or age, maintain'd that people very frequently loved for the ſake of loving; and that connections begun by a likeneſs of characters, ſupported by eſteem, and cemented by mutual confidence, were very laſting and conſtant; without any pretenſions to favors on the man's ſide, or on the woman's any temptation to grant them.

Thus it is, Madam, replied the Sultan, that you have been ſpoil'd by romances. In them you have ſeen hero's reſpectuous, and princeſſes virtuous even to folly; without reflecting that thoſe Beings never exiſted but in the brains of authors. If you aſk *Selim*, who thoroughly well knows the catechiſm of *Cythera*, what is love? I would lay a wager that he would

anſwer

anſwer you, that love is nothing elſe but———

Would you lay a wager, interrupted the Sultana, that delicacy of ſentiments is but a chimæra, and that without hopes of enjoyment, there would not be a grain of love in the world? If ſo, you muſt certainly entertain a very bad opinion of the human heart.

So I do, replied *Mangogul*, our virtues are not more diſintereſted than our vices. The brave purſues glory by expoſing himſelf to dangers; the coward loves tranquility and life; and the lover deſires enjoyment.

Selim declaring himſelf of the Sultan's party, added, that if two things happened, love would be baniſhed from ſociety, never more to make its appearance again.

And which are thoſe two things, ſays the favorite? They are, replied *Mangogul*, if you and I, madam, and all

all the race of mankind, chanced to loſe what *Tanzai* and *Neadarne* found in a dream.

What! You believe, interrupted *Mirzoza*, that without thoſe pitiful things, there would be neither eſteem nor confidence between two perſons of different ſexes? A woman adorn'd with talents, wit and beauty, would not touch? A man bleſs'd with an amiable perſon, a fine genius, and excellent character, would not be heeded?

No, madam, replies *Mangogul*; for pray tell me what he would ſay?

A number of pretty things, which I think would always afford much pleaſure to hear, anſwers the favorite.

Obſerve, madam, ſays *Selim*, that thoſe things are ſaid every day without love. No, no, madam, I have complete proofs, that without a well organiſed body, there is no love. *Agenor*, the handſomeſt young man of

of *Congo*, and the moſt refined wit of the court, would, if I had been a woman, in vain ſhew me his genteel leg, turn his large blue eyes on me, ſquander on me the moſt artful praiſes, and ſet himſelf off with every other advantage of which he is maſter; I would ſay but one word, and if he did not give an expreſs anſwer to this word, I might have all poſſible eſteem for him, but I ſhould not love him.

That is poſitive, added the Sultan, and you yourſelf will allow the juſtneſs and utility of this myſterious word, when one loves. You ought indeed, for your inſtruction, to cauſe the converſation of a wit of *Banza* with a ſchool-maſter to be related to you. You would comprehend in an inſtant, how the wit, who ſuſtained your theſis, confeſſed in the end that he was in the wrong, and that his antagoniſt reaſoned like a Toy. But

Selim, of whom I had it, will you tell the ſtory.

The favorite imagined, that a ſtory, which *Mangogul* would not relate to her, muſt be very mortifying: and therefore ſhe went into one of the arbors, without aſking it of *Selim*, and happy it was for him; for with all his wit, he would have ill ſatisfied the favorite's curioſity, or much allarm'd her modeſty. But in order to amuſe her, and make her forget the ſtory of the ſchool-maſter, he related the following.

Madam, ſays the courtier, in a vaſt country near the ſources of the *Nile*, lived a young man, beautiful as *Adonis*. Before he was eighteen years of age, all the maidens contended for his heart, and there were few women, who would not accept of him for their lover. Born with an amorous heart, he loved as ſoon as he was in a condition to love.

On a certain day, while he was in the temple assisting at the public worship of the great *Pagoda*; and was, according to the usual ceremony, preparing to make the seventeen genuflexions prescribed by the law; the beauty, with which he was captivated, chanced to pass by, and darted a glance on him accompany'd with a smile, which threw him into such distraction, that he lost his poize, fell on his nose, scandalized the congregation by his fall, forgot the number of genuflexions, and performed but sixteen.

The great *Pagoda* irritated at the offence and scandal, punished him cruelly. *Hilas*, for that was his name, the poor *Hilas* felt himself instantly inflamed with the most violent desires, and, smack-smooth as the palm of his hand, deprived of the means of gratifying them. Equally surprized

and grieved at ſo great a loſs, he conſulted the *Pagoda.* Thou ſhalt never be reſtored to thy priſtine ſtate, anſwered ſhe ſneezing, but between the arms of a woman, who ſhall not love thee the leſs for knowing thy misfortune.

Preſumption is generally the companion of youth and beauty. *Hilas* fancied that his wit and the comelineſs of his perſon would ſoon gain him a heart of nice ſentiments; who content with what he had remaining, would love him for himſelf, and ſoon reſtore to him what he had loſt. He firſt adreſt himſelf to the lady, who had been the innocent cauſe of his misfortune. She was young, briſk, voluptuous and a coquet. *Hilas* adored her, and obtained a meeting; where by a train of allurements he was drawn into the road leading to a place which it was impoſſible for him to reach. In vain did

did he torment himſelf, and in the arms of his miſtreſs ſeek the accompliſhment of the oracle: nothing appeared. When the lady was tired of waiting, ſhe ſet herſelf to rights in a moment, and quitted him. The worſt of the affair was, that the fooliſh girl told it in confidence to one of her famale friends, who, out of her great diſcretion, related it but to three or four of hers, who did the ſame to as many others: ſo that *Hilas*, two days before the darling of all the ſex, was deſpiſed, pointed at, and looked on as a monſter.

The wretched *Hilas*, cried down in his native country, reſolved to travel, and ſeek a remedy for his diſeaſe in remote climes. He ſet out alone, and arrived *incognito* at the court of the *Abyſſinian* emperor. The young ſtranger was ſingled out by the ladies, and the conteſt was, who ſhould have

him: but *Hilas* prudently avoided all engagements, in which he had apprehensions of not finding his account, proportionable to his certainty that the women who pursued him would not find theirs in him. But observe and admire the penetration of the sex: a man so young, so comely, and so modest, said they, is quite a prodigy: and the union of these qualities in him had almost made them suspect his real defect; so as, for fear of allowing him what an accomplished man should have, to refuse him the very thing which he wanted.

After having for some time studied the chart of the country, *Hilas* linked an acquaintance with a young woman, who, by some unknown caprice, had passed from refined gallantry to the highest devotion. He gradually insinuated himself into her confidence, espoused her notions, copied

her

her practices, handed her in and out of the temples, and conversed with her so frequently on the vanity of worldly pleasures, that he insensibly revived her taste, as well as remembrance of them. They had now, for above a month, frequented the mosques, assisted at sermons, and visited the sick together, when he prepared himself for a thorough cure; but all in vain. His devote friend, tho' intimately acquainted with all the transactions of heaven, knew as well as others, how a man should be made on earth: and the poor lad lost in a moment all the fruits of his good works. If any thing consoled him, it was, that his secret was inviolably kept. One word would have rendered his disease incurable; but this word was not uttered, and *Hilal* linked in with some other pious women, whom he took, one after another,

ther

ther, for the specific ordained by the oracle, and who did not break his enchantment, because they loved him only for what he had not. The habit, they had acquired of spiritualizing all objects, was of no service to him. They required sense, but it was of that sort which springs from pleasure. *Hilas* complained that they did not love him. But their answer was, pray, sir, are you ignorant, that people should know each other, before they love; nay, you must acknowledge, that, disgraced as you are, you are not lovely even when you are known.

Alass! said he retiring, this pure love, so much talked of, is no where to be found; this delicacy of sentiments, upon which both sexes value themselves, is a mere chimæra. The oracle has deceived me, and my disease is for life.

In



In his way, he met ſome of thoſe women, who allow no other commerce with man, but that of the heart, and who hate a forward ſpark like a toad. They ſo ſeriouſly recommended to him to let nothing groſs and terreſtrial enter into his views, that he conceived great hopes of his cure. He complied heartily, and was quite aſtoniſhed, after the amorous converſations, which they held with him, that he ſtill remained as he was. "I muſt certainly be "cured, ſaid he to himſelf, but per- "haps otherwiſe than by words:" and he ſought an occaſion of placing himſelf according to the intentions of the oracle. Thus it ſoon offered. A young female platonic, who was exceſſively fond of walking, led him into a loneſome wood; and when they had penetrated far from the reach of any impertinent eye, the fair one

was ſeized with a fainting fit. *Hilas* threw himſelf on her, and neglected nothing in his power to relieve her; but all his endeavours were fruitleſs: of which ſhe ſoon became as ſenſible as himſelf. Ah! Sir, cried ſhe, diſengaging herſelf from his arms, what ſort of man are you? I ſhall be very cautious of ever venturing thus into loneſome places, where I have been taken ſo ill, and may dye a hundred times for want of help.

Others knew his condition, pitied him, proteſted to him, that the tenderneſs they had conceived for him, ſhould not change; and never ſaw him more.

The miſerable *Hilas*, with his graceful figure, and the moſt refined ſentiments, gave great diſſatisfaction to many ladies.

Then he was a fool, interrupted the Sultan. Why did he not ad-

dreſs

dreſs ſome of the veſtals, of which our monaſteries are full? They would be charmed with him, and he would infallibly receive his cure through a grate.

Prince, replied *Selim*, chronicles aſſure us, that he tried that method, and found by experience, that the ſex of all conditions do not care to love to their certain loſs. If that be the caſe, ſaid the Sultan, I take his diſtemper to be incurable. So did he himſelf as well as your highneſs, continued *Selim*; and tired out with unſucceſsful trials, he plunged himſelf into ſolitude, on the word of an infinite number of women, who had expreſly declared to him, that he was uſeleſs in ſociety.

He had already been ſeveral days rambling in a deſart, when he heard ſome ſighs iſſuing from a lonely place. He liſtened, the ſighs began again, he

he drew near, and saw a young maiden, fair as the morn, her head leaning on her hand, her eyes bathed in tears, and the rest of her body in a pensive and mournful posture. "What seek you here, madam, said "he to her? And are these deserts "made for you?" Yes, replied she in a melancholy strain: I can at least afflict myself here quite at my ease. "And what is the cause of your af-"fliction?" — Alas! — "Speak, "madam, what is the cause?" —— Nothing—— "How, nothing?"—— No, nothing at all, I say, is the cause of my grief: two years ago I had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived me of my all: and it was so small a matter, that in so doing, she gave no great proof of her power. Since that time, all the men shun me, and will shun me, said the Pagoda, until I meet with one, who

who knowing my misfortune, will cleave to me, and love me in the ſtate, in which I am.

What do I hear, cried *Hilas*! This wretch, whom you behold at your feet, has nothing, and that is his diſtemper likewiſe. Some time ſince he had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived him of all that he had, and without vanity it was ſomewhat. From that time all the women ſhun him, and will ſhun him, ſaid the Pagoda, until he meets with one, who, knowing his misfortune, will cleave to him, and love him in the ſtate, in which he is.

Is this poſſible, ſays the young maiden? —— Is what you have told me true, ſays *Hilas*? —— See, anſwered the maiden. See, anſwered *Hilas*.

They

They both convinced each other beyond all doubt, that they were two objects of the celeſtial wrath. Their common misfortune united them. *Iphis*, this was the young maiden's name, was made for *Hilas*, *Hilas* was made for her. They loved each other in a platonic manner, as you may eaſily imagine; for they could not well love otherwiſe: but in an inſtant the inchantment was broken, they uttered cries of joy on the event, and platonic love vaniſhed.

During ſeveral months, that they continued together in the deſert, they had full time to be perſuaded of their change. When they quitted it, *Iphis* was perfectly cured; but as to *Hilas*, the author ſays that he was threatned with a relapſe.

CHAP. XXI.

Thirtieth and last trial of the Ring.

MIRZOZA.

WHile *Mangogul* was entertaining himself with the favorite and *Selim*, news was brought him of the death of *Sulamek*. *Sulamek*'s rise began by being appointed the Sultan's dancing-master, and that even contrary to the intentions of *Erguebzed*: but some intriguing ladies, whom he had taught certain dangerous steps, pushed him with all their might, and so bestirred themselves, that he was preferred to *Marcel* and others, whose deputy he was not worthy of being. He possessed the

the ſpirit of trifling, the court jargon, the gift of telling diverting ſtories, and of amuſing children; but he knew nothing of the high dance. When the poſt of Grand Vizir became vacant, by dint of cringing, he ſupplanted the great Seneſchal, who was an indefatigable dancer, but ſtiff-necked, and bowed with a bad grace. His miniſtry was not ſignalized by any events glorious to the nation. His enemies, (and who is there without them? true merit has many) accuſed him of playing ill on the violin, and of having no knowledge of choregraphy; of having ſuffered himſelf to be duped by the Pantomimes of *Preſter John*, and to be affrighted by a bear from *Monvemugi*, who danced one day before him; of having given millions to the emperor of *Tombur* to keep him from dancing, at a time when he had the gout, and ſpent

year-

yearly five hundred thouſand Zecchins in reſin, and more in perſecuting all the fidlers, who played any other minuets but his own: in a word, of having ſlept fifteen years of a ſtretch, at the ſound of a cymbal of a clumſy native of *Guinea*, who accompanied his inſtrument with ſome *Congo* ſongs. True it is, that he had introduced the faſhion of *Dutch* lime trees, *&c.*

Mangogul had an excellent heart: he regretted *Sulamek*, and ordered him a magnificent burial, with a funeral oration, which the orator *Brrrouboubou* was ordered to make.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the chief *Bramins*, the whole Divan in a body, and the Sultanas led by their eunuchs, went to the great moſque. *Brrrouboubou* proved for two hours together, with ſurprizing rapidity, that *Sulamek* had

riſen

risen to his high station by superior talents, made prefaces on prefaces, did not forget either *Mangogul* or his exploits during the administration of *Sulamek*; and he had almost spent himself in exclamations, when *Mirzoza*, to whom a lye gave the vapors, fell into a fit of the lethargy.

Her officers and women ran to her assistance; she was put into her palanquine, and instantly carried to the Seraglio. *Mangogul*, being informed of the danger she was in, ran to her; and the whole Pharmacopœia was rummaged. The *Garus*, general *la Motte*'s drops, the *English* drops, were all tried, but to no purpose. The distressed Sultan, one moment weeping over *Mirzoza*, the next swearing at *Orcotomus*, at length was deprived of all hopes, except some glimmerings which might remain in his ring. "If I have lost you, de-

"light

" light of my soul, cried he, your
" Toy, as well as your mouth, must
" keep eternal silence".

In an instant he commanded every body to withdraw: he was obeyed; and being alone with the favorite, he turned his ring on her. But *Mirzoza's* Toy, which was tired at the sermon, as it happens to others every day, and besides had probably a touch of the lethargy, at first only mutter'd some confused and ill articulated words. The Sultan repeated the experiment, and the Toy then very distinctly said:
" Separated from you, *Mangogul*,
" what would become of me? —
" Faithful even to the grave, I would
" have sought you; and if love and
" constancy have any recompence
" among the dead, dear prince, I
" would have found you—Alas! with-
" out you the delightful palace where
" *Brama* dwells, and which he has

" promised to his true believers, would
" prove a disagreeable residence to
" me."

Mangogul transported with joy, did not perceive that the favorite was recovering from her lethargy; and that, if he did not turn off his ring, she would hear the last words of her Toy: which happened accordingly. Ah! prince, said she, what is become of your oaths? You have then cleared up your unjust suspicions? Nothing has withheld you, neither the condition I was in, the injury you were doing me, nor the word you had given me?

Madam, replied the Sultan, impute not to a shameful curiosity, an impatience, which the despair for having lost you, has alone suggested to me. It was not an usual trial of my ring, that I made on you; but I believed that I might, without breach

of

of promiſe, make uſe of a reſource, which reſtores you to my vows, and ſecures my heart to you for ever.

Prince, ſays the favorite, I believe you; but pray reſtore the ring to the Genius, and let not his fatal preſent diſturb your heart or empire for the future.

Mangogul immediately made a prayer, and *Cucupha* appeared. "Al-" mighty Genius, ſaid *Mangogul*, " take back your ring, and continue " me your protection". Prince, anſwered the Genius, divide your days between love and glory. *Mirzoza* will certainly afford you the firſt of theſe bleſſings; and I promiſe you the ſecond.

At theſe words the hooded ſpectre cloſed the tails of his owls, and went off, as he came, in a whirling motion.

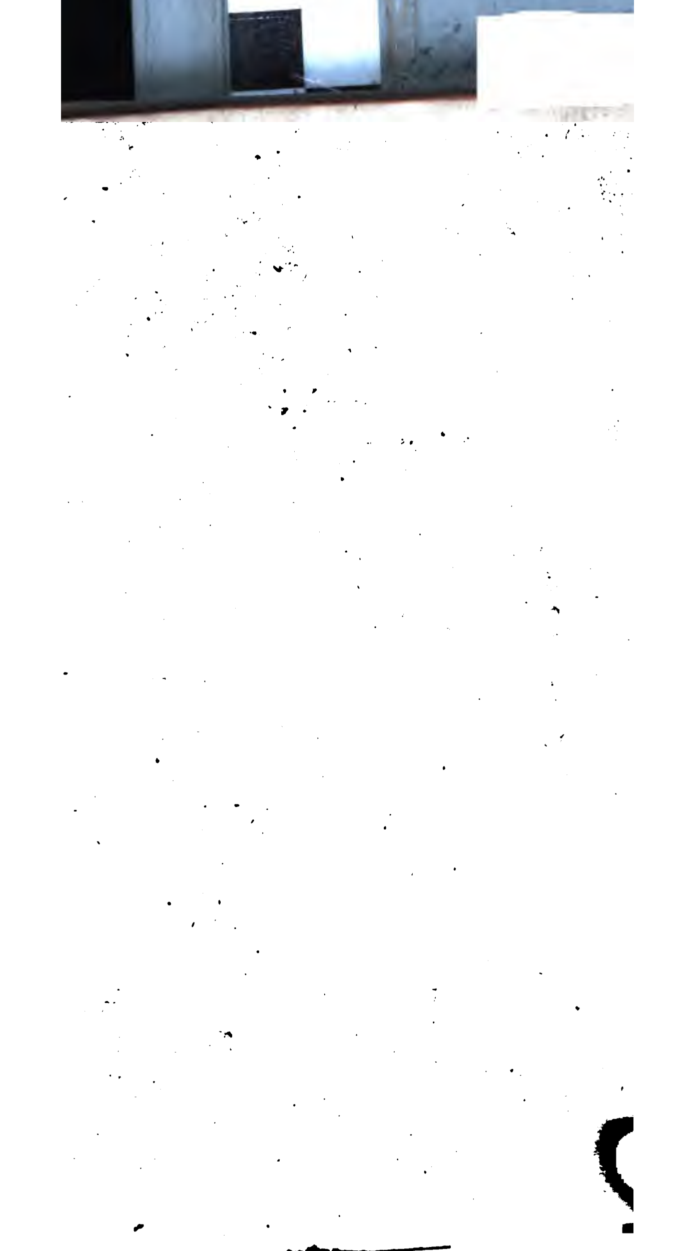
THE END.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BOOK-BINDER,

for Placing the PLATES.

First Volume.

Second Volume.



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